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The Week

CONGRESS, when it enacted the anti-Japanese provision in the immigration bill yielded frankly and fully to the demand of the California propagandists who for more than a decade have been fighting for exclusion. There are six points in their argument: (1) That it is illogical and unwise to permit anyone to enter the United States who is not eligible for citizenship; (2) that permitting the entry of Japanese in numbers however small is unjust to the other Asiatics who are excluded, and outnumber the Japanese 13 to 1; (3) that President Roosevelt in arranging the Gentlemen's Agreement usurped a prerogative of Congress, which alone has the power to deal with such a domestic question as immigration; (4) that the Japanese in America practice unfair business methods, such as boycotts and price conspiracies, and compel their women and children to work, thus maintaining a low standard of living with which Americans cannot compete; (5) that the Gentlemen's Agreement, which was intended to reduce the numbers of Japanese in America, has failed to do so, their numbers having trebled in the period 1904-1920; (6) that if the Japanese were to be put under the quota law as the European nations are, danger would exist that this law might be modified in the future to permit, for example, the unlimited entry of wives of resident aliens.

THESE objections must be examined in the light of expediency and not that of abstract justice. Neither our past nor our present immigration policy has been based on any high moral principle. If that were the case, we should establish personal qualifications for entrance and citizenship and admit every individual who could meet them, regardless of the color of his skin. Looked at from the coldest point of view of expediency, then, it remains true that there is no justification in fact for such discriminatory legislation as both houses of Congress have enacted. The Japanese are not now entering the United States. In the last three years those who left exceeded those who entered by 4,207. In the fifteen year period, 1909-1923, the total net increase by immigration in the continental United States was only 8,681. All of this number consisted of women, there being a large decrease during that period in the number of males. The total increase in the continental United States 1910-1920, was 38,853, of which 29,672 consists of children born of Japanese parents in this country. The problem with which California is faced therefore has nothing to do with immigration. It concerns itself with the Japanese already here and with their children. That this question is a serious one, we are willing to grant. But the federal government can hardly go farther in solving it than California herself has already gone by passing a law, now sustained in the United States Supreme Court, forbidding land ownership or lease to immigrants from Japan.

THE action of Congress, therefore, has no relation to reality. It will not touch the actual Japanese problem in California. It is likely to result in more, not less immigration, for the Japanese government has coöperated in the past to prevent smuggling, and will have little incentive to do so in the future. The only tangible accomplishment of the Senate and the House has been to restore the dangerous tension between the United States and Japan which existed prior to the Washington

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Conference of 1921. Since that conference Japan, guided in large part by the desire to maintain her standing in the eyes of the great Western powers, has widely modified her previous policy of exploitation and domination in China. Our Congress has now cut some of the ground from under the feet of Japanese advocates of this moderate attitude. A great part of all the efforts for amity and understanding during two decades past have been nullified. This has been done, we repeat, under no urge of actual necessity, and without even suggesting the solution of the question in California. It has been actuated only by adherence to the policy of "America for the Nordics"—plus, in the case of the Democrats, a desire to put President Coolidge in a dilemma where if he follows his plain duty and vetoes the bill, he will alienate voters on the Pacific Coast.

FAILURE of the immigration bill to place any restriction upon the Mexican influx reveals curiously mixed motives on the part of our legislators. Interference with Mexican immigration, according to Senators Fess and Reed, would disturb our relations with Latin America. Senator Bursum points to our growing trade with Mexico as a reason for letting the Mexicans come freely across the border. It is no doubt true that restrictions on immigration would affect our trade with Latin America adversely and make us even more unpopular with our Southern neighbors than we are now. But the restrictions on European and Japanese immigration work just the same effects. We resent the suggestion that we ought to regard the sensibilities of European and oriental peoples. Why are we so concerned about Latin American sensibilities? As for our own population policy, can anyone maintain that 100,000 Italians, Czechs or Poles are harder to assimilate than the 100,000 Mexicans who will be drawn across the border by the demand for unskilled labor? If we cannot afford to be generous in our treatment of immigration we should at least be consistent.

THE Dawes commission does not give the data on which it bases its conclusion that Germany will have the capacity of paying $625,000,000 into the reparations account after four years, and may be able to pay even more under the index of prosperity. There is, however, something in the figure that makes it look like an old friend in disguise. We recall that Poincaré has insisted, in season and out, on 26,000,000,000 gold marks for France, plus whatever France is required to pay on her debts to England and America. As France is entitled to fifty-two percent of the reparations payment, the total Poincaré contemplates is 50,000,000,000 gold marks or $12,250,000,000. The $625,000,000 appears calculated to yield four percent interest on this sum with a payment for amortization that would extinguish the principal in fifty years. How about the additional sum for the payment of the French debts to England and America? In one of E. L. James's despatches to the New York Times from Paris it is suggested that these must be taken care of by the additional payments under the index of prosperity. The $625,000,000 stands for the A and B bonds under the London agreement, the index of prosperity for the C bonds. The more the German indemnity changes, the more it remains the same old thing.

THE indemnity remains the same except in one point of immense importance. This is the provision that Germany cannot be placed in default by any failure to transmit outside of Germany the sums paid into the reparations account in Germany. It is not impossible, technically, for Germany to raise taxes to meet the $625,000,000 within Germany. If worse came to worst she could do it by capital levies. At the lowest estimate Germany's national capital must be worth $40,000,000,000 in gold. A third of this transferred to the reparations account would wipe out the whole principal. The difficulty would remain of getting this capital—consisting of lands, forests, mines, railways and factories—out of Germany, or of making it yield a return transferable to the Allies through an excess of exports. But this difficulty has to be met by the Allies, not by Germany, if the Dawes plan is accepted as it stands.

EVEN if the railway and industrial profits together with the controlled revenues yield the requisite minimum sums a situation will be created which is extremely favorable to the intrusion of foreign interests into German industry. Suppose that the gold bank is accumulating steadily reparations credits which cannot be transmitted abroad for want of exchange created by an excess of imports. Such a progressive withdrawal of purchasing power from the German domestic market would lower prices of both commodities and industrial shares. Business men of the Allied and neutral countries could buy them cheap, paying for them in exchange on which, we must suppose, some premium would be granted. The effect of such a process would be gradually to substitute alien interests for German in the control of German industries. The German workman would be exploited by alien instead of domestic capitalists. Perhaps it is because the workers have no marked preference as between exploiters that the German working class parties are supporting the Dawes plan.

THE German extreme right, on the other hand, is ardent for the rejection of the Dawes plan. Dr. Helfferich, its ablest spokesman, declares that the plan "demands giving up sovereign rights and surrendering German economic life to foreign control by reparations conditions. . . . The curse of signing unfulfillable pledges and the curse of sinning against national self consciousness have weighed five years upon us and have brought Ger-

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many to the verge of downfall. The German nation will be lost beyond recall if it again brings this curse upon itself." What Dr. Helfferich overlooks is that even without signing the German nation is on the verge of downfall; German economic life is disastrously subject to foreign control. There is a practical alternative to signing; but the alternative is not simply refraining from signing. It is taking up arms in a war of liberation, a war that would inflict on Germany unimaginable sufferings and losses. Does Dr. Helfferich counsel such action? Then he ought to be honest and say so openly.

IN the New Republic of April 9, 1924, on page 162, was published an editorial paragraph commenting on a meeting of students which had been held a short time previously at Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois, and had been addressed by Mr. John Fletcher, an English pacifist. The statement was made in this paragraph that a group of students forcibly broke up the meeting, threw decayed vegetables at the participants and drove them into the street. We are both glad and sorry to state that the reports of this incident in the Chicago newspapers, on which our comment was based, appear to have been a mixture of gross exaggeration and complete prevarication. The facts appear to be that the meeting was conducted without disturbance of any sort, to a peaceful conclusion. We are glad to make this correction because it removes an unjustified stain on the reputation of the undergraduate body at Northwestern University, and we are sorry to be obliged to do so, because of the extraordinary state of journalism in Chicago which is revealed by the general newspaper publication of statements not only false but mischievously so. It is, we admit, no extenuation of our own error to plead that the newspaper clippings were sent us by a supposedly reliable correspondent whose covering letter vouched for their authenticity. We now realize that we should have known that nothing printed in Chicago morning papers is necessarily so until it has been proved.

THE death of Duse will mean to the general public the last news of an actress who has long been famous over the world. Her name was a myth before she was fifty, and that without advertising methods or the business of publicity. This fame of hers was spread abroad by the poets, painters, musicians and actors, who felt her power and influence working on them; and it was through them that in public terms and to the public level the great reputation of Duse grew. But to those artists who have seen Duse and felt her influence, her death is another matter. First of all a spasm of feeling within themselves, a convulsion of the quick life within them at the thought of that passing of intense life from this supreme instance of living. But after that brief moment they will return to the thought that little has happened, since Duse for them had not been an event or a manifestation of art so much as she had been a source of it. She had more than any artist of her century the fecundity and beauty of life that is the fountain of all art, in every kind; she possessed a cultivation in living and art that went beneath the origin and impulse of every individual art; and from these two causes she could arouse and feed among artists everywhere a new perception and passion toward creation. At the same time these artists, hearing of her death, may remember those lines that Byron saw once on a Bologna tomb,

Implora pace.

She asks for peace; and will know what life cost such a being, and what was the price of this great art.

WE have already expressed our belief that the most deplorable aspect of the recent revelations at Washington is the way in which the disclosures have been received by the responsible spokesmen in the Senate and the editors of most of the leading Republican newspapers. One and all, these critics argue that the Senate committees have listened to dubious witnesses and have given publicity to unsubstantiated rumors. We refuse to believe that the Republicans are such innocents as they try to make themselves out. They are perfectly well aware that you must choose between the sort of investigations now in progress in Washington, and no investigations at all. The latter is what they want. We have yet to hear from a single important Republican any adequate expression of that repugnance which a decent man must feel for the sort of thing which, whether it has been legally proved or not, everyone with a grain of common sense now knows took place during the Harding administration. Instead we find responsible Republicans indulging in the wildest, most fantastic assertions in their efforts to belittle the investigations and asperse the investigators.

TWO recent examples will illustrate what we mean. The National Republican, a Washington weekly which is practically an official organ of the Republican National Committee, now declares flatly that the Senate investigations are inspired by Bolshevist Russia, that their real leaders are criminals and that their purpose is the overthrow of the existing order of government. "The ultimate aim of those back of this fight," says this paper, as quoted by the New York Herald-Tribune, "is to gain control of the machinery of government for their own sinister and selfish purposes. They reveal the inspiration for their damnable doctrine and the details of the campaign came from Russia. . . . The leaders in this campaign in the United States are hand in glove with the Bolshevist machine in Russia." Is anyone simple-minded enough to believe that Mr. George B. Lockwood, editor of the National Republican, is simple-minded enough to believe this kind of thing?

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THE Los Angeles Times in a recent editorial, does its best to play Mr. Lockwood a good second fiddle. Senator Wheeler's indictment, it says,

> comes like a blinding flash from the dark cloud that has been hovering for weeks over the national Capitol. The American people have been misled, deceived. . . . Now they are enlightened; but not until two good men have passed. Senator Wheeler's record as Federal district attorney in Montana during the war reminds one of that of Benedict Arnold. He lent aid and comfort to disloyalists, to the I. W. W. that sought to destroy our government through violent means, to drench the American Republic in a bath of blood. . . . In his radical heart Senator Wheeler hated the Attorney General who had dared to expose and defeat the machinations of the radicals. Preparing himself for his assault on representative government in the United States, Senator Wheeler went to Russia to study the methods of the Soviets . . . and he returned equipped with Soviet ammunition for his raid on the Attorney-General's office.

Lest our readers find it impossible to believe that any newspaper could seriously publish this kind of thing in the year of Our Lord 1924, we hasten to assure them that these words and many more of the same sort appear in the Los Angeles Times of April 12, page four, column two.

The Dawes Report and the Ruhr Occupation

"I HAVE read in the German newspapers," said M. Poincaré a few days ago, "that the reports of the experts are a condemnation of our foreign policy and especially of the occupation of the Ruhr. On the contrary those reports are the most brilliant justification of the votes of the French Parliament. They prove that in spite of all her denials Germany put herself in fraudulent bankruptcy and that she is able to pay." Probably the French government would not have accepted the Dawes plan unless M. Poincaré could without fear of explicit contradiction from the words of the document flourish it as a vindication of the French policy. The text of the report does not, it is true, contain a single statement which either exonerates Germany from the charge of being a fraudulent bankrupt or imputes to France responsibility for the prostration of the German economic system. Nevertheless it is in substance an almost completely pro-German and anti-French document. In so far as it successfully goes into effect it must repudiate the assumptions which have given form to French policy towards Germany and substitute for them a policy which is informed by the opposite assumptions.

Since the signature of the Treaty France in her dealings with Germany has acted on a few simple and drastic principles. The Germans were from the French point of view a criminally guilty people who had been caught red-handed by their victims and who must at any cost repair the damage they had wrought. Like so many other guilty people, however, they did not acknowledge their guilt, and the only effective means of obtaining an adequate indemnification for devastated France was that of making the penalty of failure intolerable. Such being the circumstances it was perfectly just for the sufferers from German aggression to determine the amount of the damage without consulting the criminals and without setting up an impartial tribunal to decide how much and by what processes they could induce Germany to pay. She must pay to the last cent, and the instrument of search with which to find out how deep she had buried the last cent in her pockets was fearless and terrible coercion. In event of default they could not allow the German government to plead the intrinsic impossibility of satisfying their demands. To yield to such a plea would be to consult a criminal about the rigor of his punishment. Of two alternatives, one. Germany must pay all or suffer all. If she did not pay, her creditors and victims were justified in seizing what tangible security they could for the debt. This France did when M. Poincaré ordered the occupation of the Ruhr.

The outstanding feature of the report of the Dawes committee, on the other hand, is its affirmation of the economic impossibility of payment by Germany abroad except under conditions which the victors and particularly France have ignored in insisting on the satisfaction of their demands. If the new plan goes into effect, Germany will hereafter be obliged to pay only in her own domestic currency, and if this demand for goods in Germany cannot be changed into an effective demand for goods outside of Germany without depreciating the currency, no reparations can and will be paid. There was no way according to the experts of keeping the German economic machine productive and the German financial system capable of earning a surplus so long as the government was forced, as it has been forced, unconditionally to make large payments abroad. The more Germany was terrorized into paying, the more disorganized her economic and financial system became and the less she was able to pay.

Another outstanding feature of the Dawes report is its insistence on the economic evacuation of the Ruhr. It does not raise the question of the continued presence of the French armies in that district, but it asserts that, if Germany is to pay what the report declares she can pay, her productive capacity must be not only unhampered but unaffected by alien military controls. This is equivalent to saying that when the French armies marched into the Ruhr their effect was to diminish further the ability of Germany to pay. Instead of seizing security, the French were by way of destroying the economic machine whose efficient operation alone could have given any value to the debt. In this

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respect as in respect to payments abroad, the Dawes report recognizes the necessity of the economic autonomy of a solvent Germany. It is slow murder to extort from her huge sums of service and goods unless she is treated as a national economic entity which derives its movement from the stimulation of the internal springs of economic energy rather than from the threats and blows of her enemies.

These considerations indicate the sharpness of the opposition between the presumptions of the Dawes plan and those of the official French policy. The French policy has throughout been almost entirely destructive. The French government has refused to take account of the psychological, economic, political and social processes which had to be carried on in Germany in order to produce the required results outside of Germany. The Dawes plan, on the contrary, not only does not require economic impossibilities of Germany, but it proposes to set up a machinery of payment which will operate by giving vitality in the minds of the German people to some positive motive for ingenuity and labor. It probably does not go far enough in this respect. We doubt whether any people will for long submit to being regimented for the benefit of other people as the Germans are by this plan. But at least it makes a beginning of treating the German people as if individually and collectively they were not mere victims and culprits but living human beings who are being asked to accomplish specific results in a real world.

There is no reason except the destructive and intransigeant attitude of the French government why three years ago the Reparations Commission should not have placed in operation a mechanism corresponding to that proposed by the Dawes Committee. The truth is, of course, that the Reparations Commission has never honestly and intelligently tackled its job of arranging for Germany to pay. The hateful and sinister aspect of French policy has always been the discrepancy between its demand as a matter of eternal justice that Germany must pay in full and its apparently deliberate refusal to allow Germany the leeway, the instrumentalities, the security and the self-respect which would have enabled her to pay to the best of her ability. Because of this combination of implacable insistence on the attainment of an end and an equally implacable hostility to any honest consideration of the means adequate to realize the end—because of this combination the New Republic has inferred that the real purpose of French policy was not reparations but the permanent subjugation of Germany to France.

The fate of the Dawes plan during the coming year will prove what the major object of French policy really is. At present the most formidable obstacle to the successful operation of the plan is the French occupation of the Ruhr. If the Allies had proposed and adopted an analogous plan before the occupation took place, the virtues of the new policy would in the end have overcome the then existing obstacles to its success, but the poisonous consequences which the invasion of the Ruhr has had upon the attitudes and activities of both the French and the Germans will very much impair its present availability. The continued presence of the French troops, even though they do not directly interfere with the economic activities of the mines and factories, is certain to keep the population of that district sullen, depressed, resentful and only partly productive. As long as the troops remain it will be impossible to bring about any revival of confidence between the French and German people sufficient to make the Dawes plan securely operative.

Their presence amounts to a proclamation that France has not abandoned the policy of seeking the economic decadence and the political subjugation of Germany. In certain conceivable and even probable circumstances she will consider herself entitled to revive it. According to the speech from which we have already quoted, M. Poincaré does not leave any room for illusions on this point. "There can be no question," he says "of our withdrawal from the Ruhr before payment of what is due us, and it cannot be a question of loosening our hold without preserving the means to reestablish it in case of need with sureness and rapidity." He may not mean what he says, but if he does, the Dawes plan is dead. It can never assure payment to France of the amount which she claims as her due. Under its provisions the payments depend not upon the amount of the French demands nor upon Germany's supposed willingness or unwillingness to meet them, but upon the possibility of creating economic conditions which will enable Germany to pay without undermining her financial health. Success is more a matter of way than of will. Such being the case the continued presence of French troops on the east bank of the Rhine is a flagrant anachronism. In as much as their presence diminishes both the productive power of Germany and the amount of money available for reparations and is defended as the punishment for a default which, according to the implication of the Dawes report, French policy towards Germany had rendered inevitable, the anachronism assumes the appearance of a criminal abuse of superior military power.

For these reasons well-informed British and American public opinion should assume towards the coming negotiations the well known attitude of the man from Missouri. It is only a fair inference from the history of the last few years that M. Poincaré will seek to obtain all the benefits for France which the operations of the Dawes plan can produce (such for instance as her share in cash of the proposed loan) without surrendering any of her ominous "sanctions" and without admitting their purely destructive effect. He will try, that is, by accepting the Dawes plan to obtain

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from the United States, Great Britain and Germany a legal recognition of the occupation of the Ruhr and an acknowledgment of France's right to remain there until Germany meets her obligations and to return there in the event of default. From the British and American point of view there are fatal objections to such a bargain. The Dawes plan is an ingenious, plausible and honest contrivance, but it is also very much of an experiment. No economist really knows whether under its provisions the German nation can without intolerable social strain produce the required surpluses at the required time under the required conditions. These doubts are rendered the more serious by the failure of the report to limit the German liability and by the improbability that the negotiators can before the plan must go into effect, reach any decision on this all-important point. If, as is almost certain, the plan subsequently breaks down at some point in its operation and needs to be repaired in the spirit of its makers, and if Germany falls consequently into default, France may easily put up a better excuse than she now has for resuming the destruction of Germany according to due process of law.

The occupation of the Ruhr is a sign and a gage of the guilt, the intimidation and the subjugation of Germany. So long as it exists or is considered tolerable, it renders any general reconstruction of Germany impossible. There can be no order in Europe until France evacuates and agrees not to go back except as part of a frank military attack on Germany. If the Dawes report must be accepted as an indivisible whole, French withdrawal from the Ruhr is certainly an implied part of the whole plan. It would be suicidal to carry on a semi-legal war against a disarmed Germany or to perpetuate the right to carry on such a legal war and at the same time to set up a plan of reparation and reconstruction which assumes the economic and moral autonomy under foreign supervision of that unhappy country.

The Peril of Giant Power

WITH characteristic jaunty optimism, the American people are drifting past a crucial public decision without even knowing that it is being made for them. We are vastly entertained by the nursery stories of what electric power is going to do for us in the future. We are flattered by the maps of great interlocked systems of high transmission lines bearing energy from rivers and mines to factories, railways, city homes and remote farmsteads. It is easy for us to accept the statement, in the intervals between the subway and the radio, that super power—or giant power, as you prefer—may turn out to be the biggest event of the next quarter century. And yet we forget to inquire, in the light of our past experience with mechanical improvements, what giant power may do to us. We assume that somehow it will get itself done in the best of all possible ways, and that the result will be wholly beneficent.

We forget our complaints against those who have already staked out America's natural resources and have assumed rulership over its industrial life. We forget the black record of coal, the gargantuan muddle of the railroads. It does not occur to us that here is a chance to start afresh—and start right. Who is to plan, own and control giant power? The same type of profit-seeker who has smeared himself and the politicians with crude oil? The banker, the utilities magnate and the railroad autocrat? Or the public, as in Ontario?

A giant power system would be at the very basis both of industry and the home. It might easily shift the balance between city and country. Strategically, it would command the whole of our material civilization. As an instrument, it would be cunning and strong, as a master, it would be intolerable. The decisions as to its forms of service, its extensions, its rates, will be capable of moulding the American scene in a thousand unforeseen ways. The profits to be made from it will create a vested interest with giant power indeed, if it is to be privately owned.

The choice is clear, between a policy of drift and a policy of plan. Only a few small corners of the future giant power system are yet created. The major part of the water power is still unexploited—and this part is owned either by the federal government or by the states. Most of the coal deposits are privately owned, but few power plants have yet been erected at the mines. The majority of the transmission lines have yet to be built. Only the distributing units in the cities now exist completely. The policy of drift is to allow private exploitation to go at this situation in its usual hit-and-miss fashion, culling the rich fruits first, caring little for social requirements, debauching legislatures, exercising pressure on commissions, and finally elevating itself into another aggregation of irresponsible power, entrenched in the law, and subject only to a control which may harass and divert, but cannot construct.

The policy of plan is to set ourselves diligently to the task of creating a publicly conceived, publicly owned and publicly operated system of the sort which has succeeded so well in Ontario. Intrinsically, such a system is far more practical than any combination of private ownership and public control. In the first place, it keeps the limited natural resources as far as possible where they belong—in the hands of the whole people. In the second place, it makes possible a large scale program, to be developed so that the utmost benefit is to be derived from it at every stage from beginning to completion. In the third place, it eliminates with one stroke the inferior commission con-

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trol as compared with administrative control. And since the generation and distribution of power is, on the mechanical side, so much an affair of machines and technique, there is no earthly reason why it cannot be done as efficiently under public as under private ownership. Turbines can be regulated and repaired, and dynamos can be watched, as well by public servants as by the employes of a giant corporation.

Yes, say the wiseacres, but our problem is not so simple as that of Ontario, either technically or politically. We have a more varied array of power sources, and we have the legal confusion of national and state jurisdiction. Admitted. But even here the immediate choice is clear. The complexity of the problem is no reason for throwing up our hands in surrender to private ownership without a determined effort to untangle the threads that bind us. Suppose it does take time. We do not have to have giant power at once. The nation has gone without it for over a century. We can wait another twenty-five years, if necessary. It is not half so important to secure the technical improvement as it is to throw off the old slipshod habit, and, for once in our history, take the time and the pains to do a sound piece of public craftsmanship. If all those disinterested persons who have been boosting giant power would rather direct their efforts toward securing the utmost degree of public ownership, and would do their best to stave off the imminent raids on the public domain, something might be accomplished.

In addition to defensive efforts, there is need for careful planning. Those in favor of public power should know in detail exactly what they must do. There ought to be a program, adjusted to the complexities and difficulties. Those who can contribute to the formulation of such a program now have an opportunity to render a rare public service.

Mr. Coolidge's Red Herring

SENATOR WALSH of Montana has characterized the President's lecture to the Senate on its lawlessness as "the most arrogant message ever sent to an English-speaking legislature." Certainly it is the most ignorant of "the law of the land" which it professes to safeguard. Whatever the devotion felt for the President in Massachusetts, its Bar never thought of him as a lawyer. Unfortunately, in writing his message of April 11, he could not have had the benefit of a considered opinion by Attorney-General Stone. No responsible lawyer, particularly no new Attorney-General, could have had time for an adequate opinion on the many grave issues raised by Mr. Coolidge, between the time of receipt by the President of Secretary Mellon's letter, dated April 10, and that of the draft of the President's message. We venture the belief that Attorney-General Stone would not sign his name to an opinion setting forth explicitly the claims and implications of the President's strictures to the Senate. For Mr. Coolidge wholly misconceives the investigating function of Congress, with its resulting powers of Congressional scrutiny into the affairs of the Treasury Department, and the special duty of the Secretary of the Treasury to give information exacted of him by Congress.

He is wholly wrong in his hostile attitude towards the Senate investigations, because he wholly misconceives the independent function of investigation, apart from legislation, possessed by Congress. The President's attitude is a challenge to what is, taken all in all, the basic power of Congress, namely, its informing function. The instruments of inquiry, and the methods of investigation, can be intelligently dealt with only by understanding the scope and the nature of the power of Congress to inform itself and also to inform the country.

The means at the disposal of Congress for acquainting itself with the acts and the disposition of the administrative agents of the government, bearing particularly upon the present contest between President Coolidge and the Senate, was the subject of a weighty report by the Republican majority of the Judiciary Committee of the Senate in 1886. The report carries the names of some of the most distinguished lawyers in the history of the American Bar, who were also Republican leaders of their day—George F. Edmunds, George F. Hoar and William M. Evarts.

To Mr. Coolidge, who challenges the Senate's scrutiny of the Treasury records with a plea to "return to a government under and in accordance with the usual forms of the law of the land," we commend the following extract:

> It is believed that there is no instance of civilized governments having bodies representative of the people in which the right and the power of those representative bodies to obtain in one form or another complete information as to every paper and transaction in any of the executive departments thereof does not exist, even though such papers might relate to what is ordinarily an executive function, if that function impinged upon any duty or function of the representative bodies. A qualification of this general right may under our Constitution exist in the case of calls by the House of Representatives for papers relating to treaties, etc., under consideration and not yet disposed of by the President and Senate.
>
> The committee feels authorized to state, after a somewhat careful research, that within the foregoing limits there is scarcely in the history of this Government until now any instance of a refusal by a head of a Department, or even of the President himself, to communicate official facts and information as distinguished from private and unofficial papers . . . to either House of Congress when unconditionally demanded. Indeed the early Journals of the Senate show great numbers of instances of directions to heads of Departments, as of course, to furnish

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papers and reports upon all sorts of affairs both legislative and executive.

This is peculiarly pertinent in the relation of the Secretary of the Treasury to Congress. Just because he has charge of the finances of the nation, and thereby, in the words of Secretary Mellon, "touches directly or indirectly every person," his duty to make full disclosure of his official life and all that bears upon the discharge of his office has been recognized since the foundation of the nation. It was formally written into statute at the first session of the first Congress on September 2, 1789, by the Act establishing the Treasury. Alexander Hamilton, with whom it is now the fashion to link Mr. Mellon's name, drafted the Act containing the provision which has remained unaltered to this day:

> The Secretary of the Treasury . . . shall make report and give information to either branch of the legislature in person or in writing, as may be required, respecting all matters referred to him by the Senate or the House of Representatives, or which shall appertain to his office.

By unanimous vote of the Senate, an inquiry into the administration of the Internal Revenue Bureau of the Treasury Department was directed. This bureau is the sensory nerve of the government. It is the key to our fiscal policies. It is the potential source of corruption, waste and inefficiency running into the millions. The line between tax evasions and tax avoidances is often thin as gossamer. Atmosphere and associations may unconsciously determine the line. And, again, the difference may be millions upon millions. It appears that in contested cases the Bureau passes upon more than $600,000,000. Refunds have already been appropriated to the tune of $100,000,000. Secretary Mellon is inevitably involved because he occupies an ambiguous position. He is a heavy stockholder in many corporations, "in many lines of industry," (to quote his friend Senator Reed of Pennsylvania), in many of which he was director and in some of which he was an officer before he went into the Cabinet and with which, presumably, he still has influential personal and financial ties. All the companies in which he is interested are necessarily greatly interested in the fiscal policies sponsored by Secretary Mellon and administered by his department. Some, it appears, have had large claims against the government for refunds. If this is not a situation that demands scrutiny by Congress, constant and relentless scrutiny, nothing does. According to Secretary Mellon, the investigation thus far conducted by the Senate committee, has failed to show that he has favored his own interests. In fact, he contends in his speech to the Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce, "the investigation has shown that favoritism through connivance of government employes is practically impossible." If this has been the effect of the investigation, what basis is there for the President's claim that "continued investigation will throw the government into disorder?"

To judge by Senator Watson's defence of the President, Mr. Coolidge will beat a retreat. Having created, with intent, an atmosphere in which healthy investigation cannot thrive, by fixing upon it the presidential stigma of "lawlessness," Mr. Coolidge will doubtless rest his strictures upon the employment of Mr. Heney by Senator Couzens. He talks about violating "the spirit" of Section 1764 of the Revised Statutes, and the Act of March 3, 1917. Section 1764 has nothing to do with the case. The Act of 1917 concerns itself with prohibiting the private financing of a "government official or employe." It does not prevent senators of the United States from getting help through persons not in the government employ in the effective discharge of their duties as senators. Senator Couzens's utilization of Mr. Heney happens to be a dramatic instance; but the same thing, in effect, is done all the time in Washington.

If the President thinks the Heney appointment is in conflict with "the spirit" of the Act of March 3, 1917, how does he reconcile the retention of Secretary Mellon with "the spirit" of Section 243 of the Revised Statutes? That is the present form of the Act of September 2, 1789, which provides that "No person appointed to the office of Secretary of Treasury . . . shall directly or indirectly be concerned or interested in carrying on the business of trade or commerce." As a matter of plain English, Secretary Mellon *is* "directly or indirectly interested in carrying on the business of trade or commerce." He is very heavily so interested. He may not be technically within the prohibition of the statute, because the Supreme Court, with reference to a totally different situation, and dealing with a totally different statute, the Commodities Clause, held that a stockholder's is not an "indirect interest." But Mr. Mellon is within the mischief of the statute. No man who has such vast corporate holdings and such extensive corporate affiliations ought, in these days, to write and administer our tax laws.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY — BRUCE BLIVEN — ROBERT LITTELL
ALVIN JOHNSON — R. M. LOVETT — STARK YOUNG

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JANE ADDAMS — JOHN DEWEY — R. H. TAWNEY
DAVID FRIDAY — H. N. BRAILSFORD — LEO WOLMAN

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Imaginary Conversations

II. Mr. Van Wyck Brooks and Mr. Scott Fitzgerald

MR. FITZGERALD. How do you do. I'm afraid it's an awful nuisance for you to see me.

Mr. Brooks. Not at all. I'm glad to. I'm only sorry to have had to put it off. But I've been so frightfully busy with my book that I haven't been able to do anything.

Mr. Fitzgerald. What's that—the James? I suppose you're trying to have it out in time to get the benefit of the publicity of the Dial award.

Mr. Brooks. Oh, no: it may take me a long time yet. But it's really rather a complicated job and I don't like to drop a chapter in the middle or I lose all the threads. I've just come to a breathing-space.

Mr. Fitzgerald. I should think you'd want to rush it right through and get it out now: it might double your sales.

Mr. Brooks. Oh, I couldn't possibly: I still have a lot of reading to do on it.

Mr. Fitzgerald. I suppose you must read hundreds of books, don't you? How many books do you suppose you've read for the James? Five hundred? Two hundred?

Mr. Brooks. Oh, I don't know I'm sure—everything I could get hold of.

Mr. Fitzgerald. I suppose you must quote on an average of four or five books on every page of one of your biographies, don't you?—and you probably refer to four or five others—and you've probably read half a dozen others that you didn't get anything out of. That makes fifteen or sixteen books to a page. Think of it! Reading fifteen or sixteen books just to write a single page! For a book of two hundred and fifty pages that would be—

Mr. Brooks. They're not all different books, you know. One uses the same books again and again.

Mr. Fitzgerald. I know: but even so—it's perfectly amazing! I suppose you must know more about American literature than anybody else in the world, don't you?

Mr. Brooks. Oh, no: not by any means.

Mr. Fitzgerald. Well, in any case, you're probably now the greatest writer on the subject. That's the view the Younger Generation takes anyway. As I wrote you, I've been delegated by the Younger Generation of American writers to present you their congratulations on the occasion of the Dial award. They chose me as really the original member of the Younger Generation. Of course, there were a lot of people writing before This Side of Paradise—but the Younger Generation never really became self-conscious before then nor did the public at large become conscious of it. I am the man, as they say in the ads, who made America Younger-Generation-conscious.

Mr. Brooks. Well it was certainly very kind of you to take the trouble—

Mr. Fitzgerald. Besides, I'm about the only one who still really looks young. Most of the others are getting old and bald and discouraged. So they picked me out to represent them. They thought they ought to send somebody under thirty.—Well, could you stand to have me read you the letter they've written you or would you rather read it yourself?

Mr. Brooks. No: certainly—read it. Do!

Mr. Fitzgerald. "Dear Van Wyck Brooks: We, the undersigned younger American writers, desire to offer you our heartiest congratulations on the occasion of your receiving the Dial award. If it is a question of critical service to American letters we are of the opinion that there is no one living to whom it might more fitly go. You were, when we first began writing, almost the only critic in America who had anything to say to us which could help us to orient ourselves."—This first part's rather heavy—but it gets a little more interesting later on.—I didn't draft the letter myself.—"You yourself have provided the most searching account of the critics whom we found in possession of the field: Mr. More who managed to read the classics all his life and maintain the moral horizons of a Presbyterian parson; Mr. Sherman who scolded the literature of Europe from the point of view of the Middle West; and Mr. Babbitt who, having thrown overboard in romanticism the chief creative movement of the age, was naturally unable to sympathize with young writers who had derived most of their inspiration from it. You were almost alone at that time in taking American culture seriously—that is, in appraising rigorously what America had already done and in urging upon us the importance of improving on it. You goaded us back to our place in the western world where we had never really been able to sit with very much dignity since the days of Jefferson and Franklin; you bade us remember in what drama we were playing and you made us see the heroic demands of the part. And you crystallized for us a point of view which made it easier for us to approach our problems. You taught us to beware especially of our Puritanism, of our spiritual inertia and cowardice and of our tendency to allow

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our intellectual activity to drift into providing excuses for the existing industrial order. And you made us see clearly the dangerous gulf which has come to exist between the highbrow and the lowbrow: we realized that the official organs of culture in America had got completely out of touch with the lives of the people and that as a result it was as difficult for the man of genius who happened to be deficient in education to turn his sensibility to artistic account as it was for the 'cultivated' critic to formulate any ideas of importance. Your great feat was to prove to young America that it was still possible for an American man of letters, writing in the American literary tradition at its most conscientious and correct, to expect something different of literature than anything that was to be found in The Atlantic Monthly, Scribner's Magazine or the emanations of the universities. With the publication of America's Coming of Age, the new forces had a highbrow on their side; hitherto they had had only H. L. Mencken."—No slam for Mencken intended, of course; but even the people who were inclined to believe him didn't know whether they ought to for a long time, on account of the language he used.

"For these great services we are indebted to you and we have wanted to express our gratitude. We hope that you will not consider us ungracious if we accompany it with a plea. 'No one denies that at present in this country,' you were writing in 1918, 'an immense amount of creative energy has at least conclusively turned itself toward the field of the arts. If it does not in many instances come rightly and fully to a head, does it not all the more behoove criticism to condense the vapors that confuse this creative energy and to spring loyally to the support of groping minds that bear the mark of sincerity and promise? As for our critics, what birth out of life have any of them ever defended? . . . Have they ever been at pains to grasp the contemporary American mind and its problems? . . .' Now as time has gone on we have not been able to help feeling that you yourself have lost interest a little in the office which you here propose. Since you wrote those words there have come to prominence a whole race of American writers of precisely the kind you describe. But when we looked about for your snow white standard streaming above our motley ones, we discovered you had disappeared. You had retreated underground into the nineteenth century. And the more articulate the new America becomes the more diligently you seem to burrow away into the archives of the old. Not, of course, that you have nothing to say to us in your distinguished studies of this period: literary biography is the form you have chosen and, aside from the social criticism conveyed in them, these studies furnish us with examples of workmanship as finished as we could demand of any art. Yet there is something a little chilling about them. Their tone is discouraging. In your anxiety to find out how and why our literature has fallen short of the greatest, you seem sometimes to create the impression that it has failed to accomplish anything at all. Yet most of the writers to whom you devote attention have had each his peculiar sense of life which he has succeeded in conveying to us in some more or less vivid form of beauty. Emerson pursuing happy guides in the thin winey yet fumeless air in his strange blithe homely commerce with the high places of light; Thoreau with his strong thick colors and his compact sentences, like the whites of compact clouds against the blue Massachusetts sky and the thick dark-greens of trees about the white square-windowed houses—both these men have communicated the beauty of a particular kind of life. We feel in them a freshness and freedom as of lawns that slope away into fenceless meadows —and we taste a frosty sea-captain sarcasm which seasons discipline and ideal. So in Mark Twain there are most poignant pages which give us something which we do not find in your book about him; it is not only the sadness of the Mississippi in the days when life there was poor but the romance and the humor of the pioneers straying wide across the ungoverned continent; and we recognize it as the troubling compound of life at all times and everywhere."—

Mr. Brooks. Will you forgive me if I interrupt you a moment? I don't want to find fault so much with your description of the New England writers —though even there I suspect you have allowed distance to lend glamor to a society which when examined closely turns out rather disappointingly barren—but in regard to the West I think it is difficult to doubt that its humor and romance are largely fictitious. The life along the Mississippi which Mark Twain knew in his boyhood and youth was depressing in the extreme—a mere matter of lonely and squalid villages scattered along a muddy shore; and the romantic attractions of the life which he was to know afterwards in Nevada and California in the gold-rush days were apparently confined to profanity, gambling, drinking and periodical outbreaks of murder. The humor of which you speak was like these other things an hysterical relief from repressions and privations.

Mr. Fitzgerald. Well, I come from the West —the Middle West—myself and I will say it's pretty boring in some ways. But still don't you think there must have been a certain amount of romance about it in those early days? I should think even a pilot on the Mississippi like Mark Twain must have felt a sort of a thrill at playing some part in the mastery of the continent. And then there must have been a sort of a fine comrade-

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ship about the life of the mining-camps and the ranches—when they all called each other Captain and Colonel. I always have a feeling of something heroic in the old songs and stories of the West. Think of the men who first dared to play a part in those gigantic amphitheaters of Utah where the black rock ranges wall them in like the ramparts of the world! Think of life among the red fantastic shapes of the sandstone hills of Nevada, as if one were surrounded by the silent presences of faceless prehistoric gods! And do you suppose that the men who went to California even in Mark Twain's time could have helped going around drunk with the sunshine like the Californians today? They must have felt a certain amount of exhilaration when they found themselves on that golden coast where no worry from the old world ever comes, where Time itself seems to have been left behind like some tyrannous mediaeval institution and human life restored at last to the original spaciousness of Eden, where it is always summer-time and always afternoon. Think of the mountains turning purple at evening and the purple-fringed sea—think of those men looking out at last upon a new horizon of ocean and hearing the drums of a drowsy surf that beat the rhythms of the southern sea. Don't you really suppose that those men had a tremendous feeling of freedom?

Mr. Brooks. The condition of life for the pioneer, I believe, even in California, was the suppression of all instincts which might tend to interfere with the immediate problem of surviving in his environment. You assume that the generation of Mark Twain would have been capable of the enjoyment of landscape. But there is no evidence that this was the case. The enjoyment of landscape constitutes an enrichment of the spiritual soil which bears its fruits in artistic creation, and the generation of Mark Twain—who can doubt it?—throttled its impulse to delight in natural beauty as an interference with its concentration upon its material task. The psychology of the Puritan and the pioneer have always, it seems to me, rendered Americans singularly blind to landscape. In fact, it may be doubted whether there has ever been an American who can really be said to have appreciated a landscape. Think of the vital relation to natural objects that one finds in a Ruskin or a Richard Jefferies and then think of the most distinguished examples in this kind that America has been able to produce. How pale, how meager, how lacking in real significance, the latter appear!

Mr. Fitzgerald. Well, I really oughtn't to try to talk about it because I haven't read the documents or anything the way you have.—Perhaps that part of the letter does lay it on a little thick but they wanted to put in a purple passage to show you what they meant about enthusiasm.—Still I don't see how the pioneers managed to live in California without being affected by the climate!—Well, I'll go on reading:

"Even here, however, we should perhaps be wrong in finding fault with critical studies as remarkable as yours: a social historian can hardly be expected to render his subject in all its aspects; and you have rendered most tellingly certain aspects of our nineteenth century which had been neglected before. But we have begun to feel that your long preoccupation with the diagnosis of our imperfect past has ended by inhibiting your view with an a priori theory about our future. You have succeeded in discovering so many reasons why artistic achievement in America should be difficult that you seem finally to have become convinced it is completely impossible. When you write of contemporary literature at all, it is with politeness but without conviction; the modern writers who have succeeded most nearly in filling the requirements you were at such pains to formulate have received no accolade from you. And the effect, we confess, in the long run, has been depressing rather than inspiriting. One of the youngest and most impressionable of our number, in fact, reading your essay on The Literary Life in the symposium called Civilization in the United States, burst into a wild fit of weeping and cursed God for having made him an American."—

Mr. Brooks. Dear me! How distressing! Really—

Mr. Fitzgerald. Oh, I just had them put that in for a joke! It really didn't happen, you know—feel sort of cheap about it now. It's really out of place, isn't it?

Mr. Brooks. No—no: I see! Not at all—not at all! I beg your pardon! Go ahead.

Mr. Fitzgerald. "And we regret this the more because we believe that you would be able to perform a peculiarly valuable function in helping to distinguish what is of absolute importance in contemporary American writing from what is of merely local interest. You may think that the new generation has critics enough already—too many perhaps. But the truth is that what we have for the most part are not critics but literary journalists—who do not lack enthusiasm certainly but for whom everything seems to exist on the same plane."—They mean people like Carl Van Doren who think everybody is good.—"That is why we have too little of you: you are a critic, with critical ideas, with a critical point of view. And we know you would never commit the blunder of seeing a masterpiece in every second-rate novel or poem which made pretensions to artistic seriousness.

"Nevertheless, as time goes on and you do not reassure us, we begin to wonder if you may not have become capable of a mistake of another kind—that, instead of regarding all our contemporary writers as equally gifted and successful, you may not have formed the habit of taking it for granted

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that they are all equally impotent and maimed—merely so many dreadful examples of ways in which it is possible to fail in America—so many cadavers for the sociological clinic—not a literature but a Chamber of Horrors. And we end with an uneasy suspicion that if you neglect to write about your contemporaries it is perhaps chiefly from a feeling of delicacy about cutting people up before they are dead. We are, in short, sometimes tempted to wonder whether you are not losing your interest in literature as an art.

"It is with this anxiety that we have been reading the successive instalments of your book on Henry James. What we look for is a study of a man of genius who happened to be an American; but what we seem to be getting is a 'case history' of an American who had the temerity to try to be a man of genius. To take but one instance, you insist upon attributing James's industry to his sense of inferiority toward Europe and the need he felt to make up by sheer hard work what he lacked through having been born an American. But James's European masters had been industrious, too; they had been industrious for the same reason as James: because they had pledged themselves to the mastery of their art and the mastery of their art demanded it. We cannot help feeling that this sort of emphasis is a little unfair to James, who was, after all, a first-rate artist, one of the few indubitable masters of letters whom America has produced and a man who probably profited as much as he lost by the accident of having been born an American. 'It is the final perfection, the consummation of an American,' Mr. T. S. Eliot has written in connection with James, 'to become, not an Englishman, but a European—something which no born European, no person of any European nationality, can become.' "—

Mr. Brooks. Will you pardon me if I interrupt you again?—but T. S. Eliot is an American living abroad very much in James's situation and is therefore naturally interested in proving its advantages. Is it not plain, however, that the American who goes abroad must suffer irreparably from his rootlessness in Europe just as the American who stays in America must suffer from the spiritual poverty of the United States?

Mr. Fitzgerald. Well, I dare say you're right. I don't know anything about it myself. I've never read a word of Henry James.—Seldes had them put this part in.—Well, I'll just finish it:

—"We wonder what you will have to say of those novels—so magnificently conceived—which only deficiencies of experience, evidently as much individual as national, prevent from being always magnificently filled in—those novels which claim consideration beside the Molières and the Racines rather than with the mere 'secretaries of society' of fiction by reason of the fact that they present moral situations which plumb so deep below the social surface and which seem to be possessed, apart from the detail of their presentation, with a sort of solid beauty of their own. Please do not insist, we entreat you, upon attempting to set a blight upon them—as we feel that you have already done a little in the case of the autobiographical volumes. In these latter, when we read them for ourselves, it is not the study of the provincial background which fascinates us but the artist's wonder before life—before life even in the nineteenth century, even in the United States. And do not, we beg you—it is the whole burden of our plea—allow yourself to lose too much the sense of that wonder!"—And then the names—I won't read you the list—but practically everybody, you see.

Mr. Brooks. I'm really awfully flattered by your all writing me. It was really awfully kind of you.—But about James, I do think you overestimate the vividness of those autobiographical volumes. To me there has always seemed to be something rather flaccid and empty about them. Think of how much more colorful is Cellini's autobiography! How much more candid Rousseau's! How much more alive to the intellectual currents of their time those of Renan and Mill! How much richer in psychological interest Marie Bashkirtseff! James wrote in his later years, you know, of "the starved romance of my life." And who can doubt that if he had been born a European he would have found the experiences proper to his temperament? Which of us, indeed, if he admitted the truth, would not confess himself spiritually "starved?" We Americans are brought up, at best, in genteel unimaginative homes and are from there sent out to priggish boarding-schools and unstimulating universities. After that, we have our choice between business and some intellectually deadening "specialization" in one of the professions. Nowhere are we taught to seek and value experience for its own sake. Nowhere are we taught anything but mean virtues and an arid idealism. What educated American has never felt this blight as an impotence and blindness of the spirit?—has never run up against it like one of those great blank walls which balk the view in American cities? It is the wall which the Puritan has set about him to shut away the horizons of life.

Mr. Fitzgerald. Well, I don't know. I haven't found life in America exactly like that. I was brought up a Catholic, though, and perhaps that may make some difference. But now for instance you tell in one of your books about seeing some American Rhodes Scholars in Oxford and being depressed at their "dry" and "wizened" aspect among the "jocund" young Englishmen "in flannels." But so far as my own experience goes the American college students are every bit as jocund as the English ones. It's not fair to judge them

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from the Rhodes scholars. I don't see why you didn't compare the Oxford undergraduates to the men who had been at Harvard in your time. I know that when I was at Princeton, the undergraduates were certainly boneheads on the whole, but there was nothing wizened or dry about them. They were a lot of glowing young men with perfectly slicked hair and gay foulard ties who spent the week-ends pursuing the flappers of New York and Philadelphia and entertained themselves during the week with interminable and hilarious beer-parties. And in spring the languorous air of June would be alive all the blue night long with the music of young voices and ribald songs would sound the chords of eternal beauty as they died away in the moon-soft distances. They were all right-thinkers, of course, when they did any thinking at all. But they were certainly not old before their time; in fact, their fault was rather that they behaved as if youth were going to last for ever.

Mr. Brooks. I wonder if you don't invest Princeton with a reflected glamor from Compton Mackenzie's Oxford. Your lyric note in this connection has always seemed to me a little reminiscent of his. For the way in which you habitually speak of the young men of your own generation contrasts sharply and significantly with your literary accounts of them. For example, when we were first talking just now you described them as already "getting old and bald and discouraged." How can one resist the conclusion that they have already felt the blight of which I speak, that scarcely sprung to arms have they found their courage shriveled by the indifference of the commercial world about them and their gestures lost in the void?

Mr. Fitzgerald. Oh, that was just a joke, too. They aren't really old and discouraged. I was just kidding about them—partly out of vanity, I suppose. My jokes must be pretty bum—I suppose they're inappropriate to the occasion. But as a matter of fact, really, the younger generation are still going strong. Don't you think this thing I've been reading proves it?

Mr. Brooks. I don't know: I wonder if they're not really making me the scape-goat for a disappointment which they feel with themselves. Certain things which you have said in our conversation give me the clue to what has happened to the younger generation. You are "the man," I think you explained to me, "who has made America Younger-Generation-conscious." When you used the expression, you were, as you say, using the language of advertising. You had fallen naturally, in describing your literary activities, into the jargon of business. For has not the book-production of the younger generation become at last a business like another? Scarcely had the first crop of younger writers arrived and achieved, like you, some impressive successes than a host of publishers, editors and journalists appeared ready to exploit and commercialize them—with the result that there is now more demand for "younger" writers than there are younger writers to supply it. The writers of fiction and essays and poetry with serious pretensions have today just as good a market as the writers of frankly trashy fiction had in the era before the war. And the result is that your products are deteriorating. You have succumbed to a capitalistic civilization in a way which you could never have foreseen. And it is difficult to see how you can stop. Are there not the publishers and editors to be kept alive? And how can you resist them when every time you sell them an insincere story or a facile unfinished poem they will print your picture and publish your biography, with a description of your smile and your method of work, as if you were Hauptmann or Anatole France? I fear that no criticism of mine—such as you are kind enough to suggest—can ever save you from the ruin of success. Nothing short of a great national leader—a Tolstoi, a Carlyle or a Nietzsche—could ever assemble your dissipating forces and make them rally to some fruitful result.

Mr. Fitzgerald. But do you really believe it's so bad as all that?—In the first place, what I said about making America Younger-Generation-conscious I said ironically—making fun of advertising and making fun of what you're talking about, too. Because we've really gotten on to that and we're beginning to sort of react against it.

Mr. Brooks. Freud has taught us that the things we say in jest are as significant as the things we say in earnest—more significant, because they reveal the thoughts which are really rankling in our minds but which we are unwilling to avow to the world. I was struck with another joke which you made in the course of the letter which you read me—I mean about cursing God for having made you an American. Who can fail to see in this desperate image a tragic cry which contradicts everything else that you have strained to affirm in the rest of the document?—Again, I have noticed that when you speak of the signatories of this letter, who explicitly include yourself, you say always "they" instead of "we." If you think about it, I believe you will realize that in doing so you are presenting the best possible proof that, in spite of the artificial unity which you have assumed in collaborating upon this letter, you are actually as far isolated from one another spiritually, as I have always claimed literary men must unavoidably be in America. In allowing your art to become a business, you have lost all capacity for intellectual unity and have given yourselves up to the competitive anarchy of all American commercial enterprise. You can at best, I fear, gain nothing but money and a hollow popular reputation—each for

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himself—and these things for fifty years in America have brought nothing in the long run but disillusion and despair.

Mr. Fitzgerald. Oh, come now—even if it were true that we had all sold out, as you say, don't you think there is really a lot of fun in making money and a big thrill in the power it brings? Don't you suppose even the Goulds and the Hills and the Harrimans had their creative exhilaration? Think of being able to buy anything you wanted—houses, railroads, enormous industries!—food, drinks, automobiles, stunning clothes for your wife—clothes like nobody else in the world could wear—all the greatest paintings in Europe, all the books that had ever been written, in magnificent bindings! Think of being able to give a stupendous house party that would go on for days and days, with everything that anybody could want to drink and a medical staff in attendance and the biggest jazz orchestra in the city alternating day and night! I confess that I get a big kick out of all the expensive things in New York—Why, once I remember when I'd just arrived from the West, after I'd been away for a long time, and I came out of the Plaza after a couple of cocktails with a thousand dollars in my pocket and I looked around and saw that great creamy palace all blazing with green-gold lights and the taxis and the automobiles streaming up and down the Avenue—why, I jumped into the Pulitzer fountain just out of sheer joy!

Mr. Brooks. Well, I must think about what you say. And I'll write an answer to your letter. You know I really appreciate it very much. You mustn't think me ungracious. But this is a question which concerns me very much. You know, I am really much attached to America—and I am terribly sensitive to all her shortcomings. I really wince at the figure she cuts upon the stage with the rest of the world. And I have thought that to find out our faults and confess them was the most salutary thing I could do. I'm sorry if I've sounded discouraging: I certainly never intended to be.

Mr. Fitzgerald. Well, I'm really sorry that we've bothered you like this. I do hope you'll forgive us.—Look: I don't suppose you'd like to come down to my house at Great Neck for over Sunday. We're going to have a little party. I suppose it would probably bore you to death—but there are going to be some people who really ought to be pretty amusing—Dos Passos and Gloria Swanson and Rube Goldberg and Princess Marianovsky and Ring Lardner and Ernest Boyd and Marc Connelly and Sherwood Anderson—Anderson's really an awfully good egg, not pre-natal at all like his stories—The Triumph of the Egg, as we laughingly describe his social success—and then some dumb-bell friends of mine from St. Paul and a man that neither my wife nor I can remember the name of but he has a song about "Who'll bite your neck when my teeth are gone?" that's one of the funniest things you ever heard in your life!

Mr. Brooks. Why, really—I'd like to ever so much—but I'm afraid I can't. I have so awfully much to do just now. The James is really an awfully exacting job and since you accuse me of leaving out something I'll have to look into the novels again and go over the whole manuscript carefully.

Mr. Fitzgerald. Well, good-bye then: thank you for listening to the letter. I'm sorry you can't come down. A thousand apologies again.

Mr. Brooks. Not at all. A thousand thanks. I'll think over what you said. Good-bye.

EDMUND WILSON.

Kant after Two Hundred Years

A COLLEAGUE of mine once suggested that old books, philosophic classics, be sent out by philosophic journals for review, to be criticized as if they had just issued from the press. The device would be notable, if it could be acted upon, for bringing to light whatever in the book has stood the test of time as well as whatever is found congenial to contemporary taste and style. The two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Kant, falling in the month of April, suggests application of this method to the thinker who for the past seventy-five years supplied the bible of German thought. It also, however, suggests the difficulty of the task. Most philosophers since the days of the lucky early Greeks have been burdened by the weight of previous writers and the seeming need of carrying their technical apparatus. But no other philosopher has assumed the burden as conscientiously as did Kant. He is so fraught with reminiscence of every other philosopher he has ever read that one is tempted to adopt the statement of an undergraduate who, when asked for the point of interest in Kant, replied that the only interesting thing was how he ever came to be.

There are thinkers full of ancestral piety, and there are thinkers who to themselves at least seem to care nothing for the past, in their eagerness to make a fresh start. It was the fate of Kant, whether fortunately or tragically, to unite the two dispositions in himself. As far as his conscious attitude toward the bases of past thought were concerned, he could hardly have objected to the epithet, given him by his contemporaries, of the

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"all-destroying;" although he would certainly have added that he had destroyed only to rebuild on surer foundatons. But at the same time almost every sentence he ever wrote is charged with reminders of previous thought. These reminiscences form his vocabulary. This is one reason why a whole library of technical commentaries has been written about Kant. But they also affect his way of looking at the world, and his sense of the problems and issues of philosophy—as vocabularies are likely to do. Sometimes one wonders if Kant ever looked a fact of life or nature directly in the face, or in any other way than through the medium of what previous thinkers had said and thought about it. I do not mean that Kant was peculiar in this respect. Philosophers like other professionals and specialists get caught in the intellectual machinery they are operating. Intellectual preparation is indispensable; then it seizes hold of us, and what was to have been a means of direct vision and interpretation becomes an end in itself.

But while Kant was not unique in this respect, he was preëminent. His period was not one of great historical sense; Kant could hardly be expected to have employed a historical method of interpretation. He used the distinctions with which his acquaintance with historical schemes made him familiar; even when he radically changed their meaning he preserved a terminology sanctioned by traditional usage—as for example in his taking over the Aristotelian and scholastic matter and form. He was extraordinarily sensitive to the ideas of every author he studied. He responded to Hume, Shaftesbury, Burke, and Rousseau as well as to thinkers with whom he was congenitally much more sympathetic. To raw experience, to experience in mass, he was remarkably insensitive. Even his marked proclivities for social and political reform in the direction of republican freedom and equality, seem to be conditioned by his intellectual response to Rousseau and other writers, rather than to be a direct response to what was going on about him.

At the same time, he gave a new turn to philosophical thinking; there is no doubt about that. He put an end to the old attempt to reach conclusions about matters of existence, whether soul, external nature or God, by mathematical and conceptual reasoning. The reasons he proferred have been punctured by modern mathematicians, but the result remains—that concrete experience, not logical conceptions by themselves warrant statements about matters of existence. At the same time, he shattered traditional empiricism by showing that the sensations upon which it depended require thought to get anywhere. All this part of his undertaking is, however, somewhat technical and professional. The significant human thing is that he made these changes in the interest of a system of belief which would give mechanical science, conceived after the Newtonian pattern, complete sway in all matters of fact, in all matters whatsoever where thinking has a claim to intervene; while he reserved a higher ideal realm with which man's moral and religious interests are concerned, a realm where science has no business to enter and where it could say nothing. This was his great achievement: demarcation of two realms, one of mechanical science, the other of moral freedom and faith, connected yet independent, one beginning at the boundaries of the other.

Thus Kant to himself and to many in his own day was a revolutionary. There is no valid intellectual access, he taught, to the things of ultimate importance to man, the things with which traditional philosophy had been preoccupied, God, the soul, immortality, even the universe as an objective single whole. From this standpoint, all previous philosophy had been on the wrong track; it had been attempting the impossible. But the criticism which proved this conclusion, also proved, it seemed to Kant, the existence of a realm beyond scientific knowledge, a realm of whose being we are assured beyond peradventure by the necessities of moral experience. Nevertheless in his criticisms and constructions he worked with the distinctions, terms and issues of traditional philosophy. He reassorted them to make a new pattern; but he did not draw inspiration from a new and fresh personal partaking in the ultimate sources of new ideas—the realities of first-hand experience. See, he says in effect, the intellectual pieces with which past philosophers were occupied; see how these pieces never fitted together into a world-picture, except with the aid of deep-seated optical illusions. Now put them together in my way, according to my directions, and see how thoroughly and coherently they dovetail into a single picture.

The outcome of Kant's combination of piety toward the old with revolutionary intent was doubtless fortunate for his reputation, and for the influence of his writings for the last century, to an enormous extent in his own country and to some extent throughout the world. Yet it has a tragic phase. Solving a problem by dividing things, putting them in different places where they cannot conflict because they do not touch, is a dangerous procedure. It was a great comfort to many to know they could be as scientific and as mechanistically scientific as they desired in the realm of phenomena, and yet retain intact a superior world of ideal values in which freedom, instead of mechanical necessity, reigned. But the price paid for the comfort was unduly high. Science in such a régime becomes a technical occupation of an intellectual class; it is barren in morals, where fertilization by science is most needed, fruitful only in material appliances and machines used in the material sphere for mundane ends where the world is already too much with us. Morals be-

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come an affair of formulas, often sublime in themselves, but without possibility of effective translation, intellectual or practical, into the affairs of the workaday world.

In general, the intellectual problem of Europe since the sixteenth century has been the conflict between inherited traditions and the results and methods of a new science. Even the man in the street is sometimes aware of this conflict, as in the fundamentalist-modernist controversy of the churches. But every philosopher has been confronted on some level of thought with the question.

The theories of the western world, outside of science and industry, are inherited from a spiritual idealism formulated in ancient Greece and taken over by the Christian church in the teachings of the fathers and the schoolmen. But the conceptions of science have seemed to point to a very different kind of world from that depicted in this philosophy. Yet the emotional, religious and moral life of the European world—of which of course America is culturally a part—and to a large extent its artistic activities and achievements, have been deeply intertwined with the view of nature and life which science appears to have discredited.

In some form or other every philosopher from Descartes to Comte, Spencer and Bergson has published a variant version of the terms upon which the tradition incarnate in the higher forms of western life and the new science can meet and get on together:—schemes of reconciliation, of attack by one side upon the other, of compromises with varying degrees of surrender, imposed on this side or that.

Kant sensitively felt the problem and valiantly wrought to solve it. But to many of us it seems increasingly clear that his methods and conclusions only postponed a vital and sincere facing of the question. A destructive revolutionary to many of his contemporaries, he now seems almost wholly on the side of the conservatives. What was revolutionary was largely a professional and technical matter, a transfer of certain issues and ideas from cosmic nature into human nature; it left the mind with no genuinely new ideas with which to meet and confront the predicaments of experience. It did not help men to use science in morals. The transfer was one of those intellectual tours de force that delight professional intellectualists and call out warm adherence and equally ardent opposition.

But the net human outcome was hardly more than a complete separation of the world of ideals and of facts, of moral practice and scientific knowledge, of aspirations and of necessities. Doubtless they had been almost hopelessly confused previously in their relations to each other. Certainly the place and office of each in experience and its relations to the other needed clearing up. But it may be questioned whether confusion is not a more hopeful condition than clear-cut and wholesale separation. Confusion at least implies intersection, and a connection which might render coöperation possible.

Separation surrenders the concrete world of affairs to the domain of mechanism fatalistically understood; it encourages mechanical authority and mechanical obedience and discipline; while it sheds over a life built out of mechanical subordinations the aureole of a superworldly ideal, sentimental at best, fanatical and deadly at worst. Kant himself was truly a pious, honest and good soul, substantial to a degree. But the record of his influence and its consequences may cause one to wonder whether these qualities, even when combined with industrious learning and assiduous reflection, can compensate for the absence of that kind of intelligence which emerges only when a thinker is a first-hand partaker in the vital intellectual currents and issues of his own day—I do not say in its practical movements. Without knowledge of what has been said and thought, intellectual participation will not go far or deep. But Kant and the countless tomes written about him, stand a monument to the evil of that too professional and technical intellectual preoccupation which can see the world only at second-hand through problems which the past has formulated, through distinctions which dead thinkers have elaborated. An intellectual revolution is not of necessity a good thing; but a professed revolution compromised from the outset by subjection to the old and traditional is pretty assuredly a bad thing. A revolution in tradition that after all stays within the bounds of tradition is a boon to men who wish to be modern and conservative at the same time; who want to be both scientific and also idealistic in the ways sanctioned by the past. But it only postpones the day of reckoning. It is possible that the Great War was in some true sense a day of reckoning for Kantian thought, and that from henceforth interest in him will openly become more and more antiquarian in nature.

JOHN DEWEY.

Winter Bird

My bird, my darling,
Calling through the cold afternoon!
Those round bright notes,
Each one so perfect
Shaken from the other and yet
Hanging together in flashing clusters!
The small soft flowers and the ripe fruit,
All are gathered.
It is the season now of nuts and berries
And round bright flashing drops
On the frozen grass.

KATHERINE MANSFIELD.

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The Hypnotizing of Winnie Kluth

WINNIE KLUTH personally we have never met. We know however that at one time he was living in Linoleumville, on Staten Island, and it is quite probable that he was working for The American Linoleum Manufacturing Corporation, which has a factory there. And we know that one morning some two years ago Winnie Kluth received through the mail, addressed to him at his home, a four-page piece of printed matter entitled Man to Man Talks. It professed no other authorship than that of the International Educational Society, located at 1150 Broadway, and no other purpose than to give him free wisdom in the interest of Better Working Conditions.

Next week, Winnie Kluth got Number Two of Man to Man Talks, and thereafter they came regularly until Number Seventy-Eight, which closed the series. They brought Winnie around to view his Boss patriotically in terms of stars-and-stripes-forever. They convinced Winnie that if he worked longer and harder he might some day get a raise, and that he ought to be cheerful and work even longer and harder yet if his pay was cut. They proved that it's foolish to go looking for a new job. And above all they opened his eyes to what a snake the labor agitator is.

Week after week came Man to Man Talks with their bluff brotherly advice or their home-and-mother sentimentalism. Doubtless it never occurred to Winnie to wonder if his employer could have a hand in the circulation of them. It was obviously a great philanthropic movement for his benefit alone. Cunningly it appealed first to his fear and then to his greed, his vanity, his shrewdness. Well, he was mightily impressed, and in the end he wrote a thankful letter to the Society, saying:

> I cannot praise Man to Man Talks enough, for it is such a wonderful paper to read. I used to be like some of the other fellows, waiting for the whistle to blow, but since I started reading your Man to Man Talks I am a changed man. . . . They have made me look at my work in the right way.

Poor Winnie Kluth! Thus might Fido philosophize when somebody patted his head, just before selling him. He was quite inspired, and we earnestly hope that his conversion brought him the rewards it merited. But it might shock him a trifle to know that his letter soon reached the hands of his employer, and caused that gentleman much joy. In a letter dated April 18, 1923, Charles F. Cartledge, President of The American Linoleum Manufacturing Corporation, wrote to an officer of the Society:

> We are very much pleased with the letters you have shown us from our employes which are evidence that the literature you are sending them is having the desired effect. The world is passing through a very unsatisfactory period of labor intimidation. Under its domination we have been almost helpless. The workers have been led to unreasonable demands and to false and radical views. They must be led back to sane thinking, and such work as your Society is doing should be welcomed and supported by every alert employer of labor.

Winnie might be surprised to know that, for each of its employes to whom the bulletins were sent, The American Linoleum Manufacturing Corporation paid a fee of from six to eight and a half cents a week. He might be surprised to know that the International Educational Society is merely a name, and its office at 1150 Broadway is occupied only by clerks and stenographers. The real agency behind this benevolent gesture is the National Foundation, Inc., and Mr. Cartledge addressed *his* letter to the Foundation at 1 Madison Avenue.

This information might be a surprise to Winnie because it is the basic principle of the scheme, and the one that distinguishes it from its competitors, to deceive him about it. By the admission of H. M. Cook, vice-president of the Foundation, ninety-nine out of a hundred of the employers who subscribe to the Man to Man Talks keep their part in it a secret.

II.

A big and flourishing enterprise is this National Foundation. Since its organization in 1919 it has fairly well covered New England and the coast states as far as Virginia, and it is now preparing for a big drive westward. There are volumes of testimonials even more pathetic than that of Winnie Kluth, in which workingmen pitiful with gratitude thank the International Educational Society for lifting them out of themselves. There are other volumes from Bosses who thank the National Foundation for educating their men to "right thought and action in relation to their work, their employers and their country." And profits apparently have been huge.

The story of the beginnings of the National Foundation is illuminating. It was recounted to us, obligingly, by Mr. Cook himself.

In 1919, it seems, Judge Gary, addressing a body of employers, told them that the majority of workingmen really were not as vicious as they might appear; they were just ignorant. His remark fell in the uberous soil of the imagination of one John Thomas Austin, a professional organizer of employers' associations. A little while later,

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at a meeting in New York, Mr. Austin outlined a new scheme to soothe labor unrest. It would educate them out of their ignorance, he said; and they need not know their Bosses had anything to do with it. Twenty-six of the men agreed to subscribe to his projected Man to Man Talks for a period of eighteen months. Immediately the National Foundation was incorporated, with $100,000 capital.

Then came a piece of work by Mr. Austin that Mr. Cook comments was "very astute." Just before the war, Mr. Cook says, there was a radical group in New York known as the International Society. During the war it was broken up, most of its members going to prison. Out of the rubbish heap Mr. Austin now retrieved the tattered banner of the International Society. He touched it up with a little artificial brimstone to strengthen the lingering odor of old days and hoisted it over his honeyed printing presses. The International Educational Society, affecting the manner and vestments of hell, was organized to promote the cause of heaven.

And now the agents of the National Foundation are legion. Each of them carries in his kit a copy of the I. W. W. song-book, together with numbers of the New Republic, the Liberator and such; and on his face each of them carries the haggard look of forebodement and disaster. He is a high-pressure salesman. For half an hour he plies his panting prospect with suspicion and alarm, and then, just when the wretched employer is reaching, with suicidal intent, for his paper-cutter—O, then, then there dawns luminous on our agent's visage the smile of hope! He produces salvation in Man to Man Talks.

Agents of the National Foundation get a flat twenty-five percent commission on the face of their contracts, according to Mr. Cook. And they are thriving. In the files of the Foundation is a letter from the Lynn Shoe Manufacturers' Association, Inc., inclosing a list of 3,600 employes. At the minimum price, $6 a hundred a week, the contract calls for $16,848. The agent's commission on that one sale was more than $4,000.

III.

If you, gentle reader, were to take time to go through the seventy-eight numbers of Man to Man Talks, you would not wonder at the change they wrought in Winnie Kluth. They are a collection of hokum, platitude and sentimentalism deftly calculated to appeal to a man's greed and fear and the psychological residua of days at mamma's knee. It is a process of psychotherapy. After a few sedative treatments in Number One and Number Two, the new ideal is propounded in Number Three: Someone Must Be Foreman.

On page one there is always a cartoon, in which several principal figures appear again and again. One is the noble workingman, Joe, who never smokes, who conducts himself Sundays so that Monday goes by without a yawn, who is always at work a little before time and who quits his bench only after the whistle has blown. Another is the Boss, and you don't have to look at him more than once to know that he carries Old Glory in his handkerchief pocket and the key of heaven on his key-ring. And another is the agitator, a scowling sullen fellow indeed, a dour and vicious wastrel, his face seamed with dissipation and his eyes murderous.

The suggestion is, of course, that Winnie identify himself with noble Joe; and by the time Winnie gets Number Seventeen he is all ready for the piece of hypnosis in store for him. It comes in the regular page-two feature, a Letter from Jack to Joe. Jack writes:

> Old pal, that was great news about your getting promoted. . . . Promotion, advancement on personal merit is the American way. That's the way you got yours and the way I got mine.

Poor Winnie Kluth! If his employer is shrewd enough to reduce his wages on the day Number Seventeen arrives, Winnie will smile and thank him. All he needs to do is go home and read that letter from Jack to Joe, and look at the picture of his handsome self on page one; and he will be happy as the day is long.

Number Nineteen gives a variation on "Workers of the World, Unite!" It shouts beamingly, "Cheer up, Workers of the World, and keep at it! Service is God's measure of greatness!"

Number Fifty-four inculcates the following bit of social idealism:

> You are surely right when you think those behind you are after your job. They would be foolish not to want to get ahead. . . . Then we need not worry about the people behind us. Better be interested in someone ahead.

And finally comes the last number. By this time Winnie Kluth would doubtless answer more readily to the name "Joe" than to his own. Now Joe writes the letter, thanking Jack for his seventy-seven epistles of the past. Joe says:

> You've taught me to do *more* and *better* work and to be happy while doing it, that my job is pretty much what I make it and that it pays to stick to one job; that contentment comes from the fact that I have delivered the goods; also that those who do honest work are rewarded in the end.
>
> I've learned that the boss and the foreman are my best friends—that they are square with me when I do what is right.
>
> You have taught me how to talk back to the trouble-makers and the agitators ranting against the boss and our government—that the present form of American government is best and offers the greatest opportunity for the honest worker to get ahead. All we need is to realize its ideals. . . .

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IV.

Can such a treatment be effective? Apparently it is confoundingly so. Here are excerpts from a few of the many, many jubilant letters from employers which the agents of the National Foundation are taking west with them today.

Carl G. Pfeiffer, manager of Frederic's, Inc., a jewelry concern at Peekskill, writes:

> We have been using National Foundation Service for a representative list of our employes, who are mostly women, during the past eight months with complete satisfaction. During a period when business is undergoing readjustment, when workers are laid off for part or all of the time, when a wage-cut is deemed necessary, we consider your educational propaganda served in their homes particularly valuable. At such time, when conditions cause dissatisfaction and unrest, your literature constitutes a natural antidote, making the workers less susceptible to the radical influences sure to be exerted upon them.

J. J. McCarthy, secretary of the Malone Dairy Company, of New York, writes enthusiastically to confirm his previous oral statement:

> During the strike of the Milk Drivers, some of our men when approached by the leaders of the Union to go on strike, fluanted the Man to Man Talks in their faces and stated that those were their principles and that they should read them and get some common sense. As you are probably aware none of our men went out on strike.

And along comes E. W. Booth, of The Booth Felt Hat Company, Inc., of Brooklyn, just burbling with joy. He writes:

> In renewing our subscriptions for National Foundation Service we are pleased to inform you of the excellent results obtained through the mailing of your literature to the homes of our employes. We believe that the service has not only cut down our production costs, but has helped counteract radicalism among the workers of this district.

So effective have Man to Man talks proved that their circulation figures would probably be astonishing. And this is just the beginning. National trade associations are urging the service on their members, industrial leaders are offering their personal help in spreading the gospel, and already some important corporations, such as the Mergenthaler Linotype Company and the Loose-Wiles Biscuit Company, are among the Foundation's customers.

Even beyond the reaches of industry are Man to Man Talks penetrating. We are soon to have them, it would seem, in our schools. Among several eager letters from principals and educators the most interesting comes from the Massachusetts Department of Education, at the State House in Boston. It proposes to use the hokum that hypnotized Winnie Kluth in training courses for teachers!

LEONARD LANSON CLINE.

The Bandwagon

THEY WILL ALSO REWRITE GENESIS AND LEAVE OUT THE APPLE SCANDAL

Club women in a thriving suburb are about to give a regular performance of Shakespeare's Twelfth Night, but out of consideration for the Eighteenth Amendment they have cut out the characters of Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheck.

—The Los Angeles Times.

ANOTHER BUSINESS MAN GONE WRONG

I will omit all reference to the social, ethical or economic points, because I am not a Socialist, and cannot discuss these points intelligently.

—Henry W. Moore, of the Pennsylvania Manufacturers' Association, testifying against the Child Labor Amendment before the House Judiciary Committee.

FRANKREICH UEBER ALLES

The destiny of us French whose mind is clear, and who will not listen to confusion, is to decide *now* whether the world shall be formed in our image, or whether our race shall be stricken from the earth. Are we worthy, indefatigable pioneers, to trace for the world the path of progress and of liberty, of peace and of reason, or shall we submit to the domination of an intelligence coarsened with animal brutality? It will be for your generation to answer, and it will be for you to deepen the furrow left by your elders.

—Speech delivered by M. Didier, Professor of Philosophy in the Institution Sainte-Marie, Paris.

WHAT A DAY IN ATLANTIC CITY CAN DO

It was noticed by competent observers that the outlook on life of girls who participated [in the Atlantic City bathing beauty parades] was completely changed. Before the competition they were splendid examples of innocent and pure womanhood. Afterward their heads were filled with vicious ideas.

—Miss Pauline B. Smith, Gen. Sec'y. of Y. W. C. A., Trenton, quoted in the N. Y. Times.

DIVINE DISCONTENT BY THE CUBIC FOOT

Believing that the silent teaching of good taste in furniture makes a great impression on the minds of people and that the average spectator of a film has a feeling, way down in his heart that he lacks something of culture when he sees a beautiful thing and knows that a similar object he has at home is ugly, Mr. P. A. B. Hannesey, who conducts a beautiful studio in Western Avenue, Hollywood, is adding 15,000 square feet of floor space in an attempt to better take care of his rapidly increasing business.

—Los Angeles Times.

SANTA SAYS: "IT IS MORE BLESSED TO RECEIVE THAN TO GIVE"

Shortly before Christmas it was announced that good old Saint Nick would visit Tarboro the day before Christmas and would make the First National his headquarters. On Christmas Eve each of the 800 children who came to the bank to visit him received a small memento and listened to a talk on saving and banking by Santa.

—Forbes' Magazine.

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Origins of the World War

SIR: The review of Hazen's Europe since 1815, published by Professor H. E. Barnes in the New Republic of March 19, 1924, has given rise to a warm controversy in regard to the truth about the origins of the war. Professor Raymond Turner, whose books were included in the reviewer's condemnation, has replied and suggested that the critic misrepresented the position of the so-called revisionists. In self-defence Professor Barnes, in the same issue of April 9, has called upon me specifically, among others, to come forward and disavow him by showing that he has not faithfully presented the revisionist point of view, or else to take issue with Professors Hazen and Turner.

I accept the invitation with pleasure, particularly since I consider myself at least indirectly responsible for Professor Barnes's review. I am one of those to whom he submitted the manuscript before publication, and I gave it my whole-hearted approval.

By way of explanation I might say that I supported the war enthusiastically, and considered it a privilege to serve at the front. Nothing could have been more natural in view of our general ignorance of the real situation. Since that time, however, a prolonged study of the books and documents which have been deluged upon us, supplemented by extensive travel abroad and discussion with some of the leading European historians, has led me entirely to revise my opinions. Not that I have become pro-German. I doubt whether anyone could honestly accuse me of partiality in that direction. But I fail to understand how anyone at all acquainted with the new source material can still regard article 231 of the Treaty of Versailles as anything but the most stupendous hoax in history.

Professor Turner seems to include himself among the "revisionists," but I question whether any of these gentlemen would welcome him as one of their own. It is truly remarkable how slight the divergence in view between impartial scholars, even between those on the Allied and those on the German side, really is. To the best of my knowledge Professor Barnes has given a clear exposition of the moderate revisionist point of view, and if he has laid himself open to persecution on that account I am only too ready to take my stand by him and suffer the consequences.

Professor Turner makes the statement that, "generally speaking," historians maintain that while the war arose from large general causes, and though all the participants were in some sense to blame, yet Germany was the principal immediate factor that made the war not to be avoided. If he means by this that the majority of Allied and American so-called "historians" (most of whom have only a very casual acquaintance with the source material) uphold this viewpoint, he is unquestionably correct. He is just as certainly wrong if he believes that the leading authorities maintain this position. He is equally mistaken if he thinks that "any new statement in favor of the Germans and discreditable to the Allies . . . is at once accepted with undiscriminating enthusiasm and pleasure, and given the impression that it refutes all held before." Some of the most violent indictments of German and Austrian policy came to my ears in those countries, and, I think, it is generally believed by our former opponents that their statesmen were preëminent by their incapability more than by anything else. So far as acceptance of material from "Russian revolutionary sources or German spies" is concerned the obvious answer is that the Allied governments can easily change the situation by throwing open their own archives. The historian's suspicions are quite justifiable when, in contrast to the voluminous and frank publications of the German and Austrian governments and the unadorned confessions of many of the statesmen of the Central powers, the Allied countries produce such pathetic contributions as the French Yellow Books and the memoirs of Poincaré or Asquith. It must be confessed that what has been revealed of the doings of the Allied statesmen incriminates rather than exonerates them. So far as I know there has been no serious attempt made to answer the conclusions of either Fay or Gooch on the basis of the material they used. The warm welcome given both those works should have shown Professor Turner that they had the approval of a great many impartial minds in this country as well as abroad.

WILLIAM L. LANGER.

Worcester, Massachusetts.

Mr. Keynes Denies

SIR: In your issue of April 2, Mr. Auld, the author of an article signed "Alpha" dealing with the French claim for reparations, invites me categorically to deny or affirm "one simple question of fact: that the French claim was a 1914 valuation made directly on pre-war records." Of course I categorically deny it. The French first worked out what the claim would have been on pre-war prices; but—quite naturally—they introduced a multiplier to bring their claim into accordance with post-war prices before actually presenting it. In his original criticism of my figures Mr. Auld just forgot the multiplier. But the mistake having been pointed out, he has no excuse to go on repeating it.

J. M. KEYNES.

London.

Partly Free Speech at Harvard

SIR: In its issue of April 16 the New Republic, referring to the speakers' controversy at the Harvard Union, states that "a censorship committee has been set up consisting of faculty members and hand-picked students." Although I am one of those undergraduates who has been most strongly opposed to the policy of the Union Governing Board, I consider it only fair to say that the Governing Board appointed a special speakers' committee, in order that a more balanced program of speakers might be arranged. It is decidedly not a "censorship" committee. It could not be a "censorship" committee even if it wanted to, for the Governing Board maintains the right of veto over all the committee's recommendations. Moreover, the two student members are two of the men who have been leading the fight to invite Mr. Debs, Dr. Nearing, and Mr. Foster. Hence it is plain that the Governing Board, in appointing the undergraduates' representatives, has not shown favoritism for its own side of the case.

In spite of the Governing Board's veto power over the Speakers' Committee, the undergraduates feel that the appointment of such a committee is a step in the right direction. But there is a long, long way to go. The real principle at stake is: Shall or shall not the active members of the Harvard Union be permitted to hear in the halls of their club the speakers they desire? The undergraduates have submitted the following proposition: "That hereafter when 200 members of the Harvard Union show by petition that they wish to hear a certain speaker and when the Undergraduates Committee* approves the choice, that speaker should be invited to the Union, provided only that he is permitted to lecture in public by the Government of the United States." This right will probably be refused at first. But the undergraduates, supported enthusiastically by many of the most prominent and respected members of the Harvard Faculty, will eventually win out.

CORLISS LAMONT,
Vice-President Harvard Union.

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

*The Undergraduates Committee is composed of six undergraduates elected yearly by the student members of the Union to represent their opinions as to how the Union should be run.

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Eleonora Duse*

I.

Seeing's believing, so the ancient word
Chills buds to shrivelled powder flecks, turns flax
To smoky heaps of straw whose small flames wax
Only to gasp and die. The thing's absurd!
Have blind men ever seen or deaf men heard?
What one beholds but measures what one lacks.
Where is the prism to draw gold from blacks,
Or flash the iris colors of a bird?
Not in the eye, be sure, nor in the ear,
Nor in an instrument of twisted glass,
Yet there are sights I see and sounds I hear
Which ripple me like water as they pass.
This that I give you for a dear love's sake
Is curling noise of waves marching along a lake.

II.

A letter or a poem—the words are set
To either tune. Be careful how you slice
The flap which is held down by this device
Impressed upon it. In one moment met
A cameo, intaglio, a fret
Of workmanship, and I. Like melted ice
I took the form and froze so, turned precise
And brittle seal, a creed in silhouette.
Seeing's believing? What then would you see?
A chamfered dragon? Three spear-heads of steel?
A motto done in flowered charactry?
The thin outline of Mercury's winged heel?
Look closer, do you see a name, a face,
Or just a cloud dropped down before a holy place?

III.

Lady, to whose enchantment I took shape
So long ago, though carven to your grace,
Bearing, like quickened wood, your sweet sad face
Cut in my flesh, yet may I not escape
My limitations: words that jibe and gape
After your loveliness and make grimace
And travesty where they should interlace
The weave of sun-spun ocean from a cape.
Pictures then must contain you, this and more,
The sigh of wind floating on ripe June hay,
The desolate pulse of snow beyond a door,
The grief of mornings seen as yesterday.
All that you are mingles as one sole cry
To point a world aright which is so much awry.

IV.

If Beauty set her image on a stage
And bid it mirror moments so intense
With passion and swift largess of the sense
To a divine exactness, stamp a page
With mottoes of hot blood, and disengage
No atom of mankind's experience,
But lay the soul's complete incontinence
Bare while it tills grief's gusty acreage—
Doing this, you, spon-image to her needs,
She picked to pierce, reveal, and soothe again,
Shattering by means of you the tinsel creeds
Offered as meat to the pinched hearts of men.
So, sacrificing you, she fed those others
Who bless you in their prayers even before their mothers.

V.

Life seized you with her iron hands and shook
The fire of your boundless burning out
To fall on us, poor little ragged rout
Of common men, till like a flaming book
We, letters of a message, flashed and took
The fiery flare of prophecy, devout
Torches to bear your oil, a dazzling shout,
The liquid golden running of a brook.
Who, being upborne on racing streams of light,
Seeing new heavens sprung from dusty hells,
Considered you, and what might be your plight,
Robbed, plundered—since Life's cruel plan compels
The perfect sacrifice of one great soul
To make a myriad others even a whit more whole.

VI.

Seeing you stand once more before my eyes
In your pale dignity and tenderness,
Wearing your frailty like a misty dress
Draped over the great glamour which denies
To years their domination, all disguise
Time can achieve is but to add a stress,
A finer fineness, as though some caress
Touched you a moment to a strange surprise.
Seeing you after these long lengths of years,
I only know the glory come again,
A majesty bewildered by my tears,
A golden sun spangling slant shafts of rain,
Moonlight delaying by a sick man's bed,
A rush of daffodils where wastes of dried leaves spread.

AMY LOWELL.

* This sonnet sequence was written several months ago, in contemplation of Signora Duse's proposed final appearances in New York, which were to have taken place early in May.

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Masse Mensch

Man and the Masses, by Ernst Toller, translated by Louis Untermeyer. Garrick Theatre, April 14, 1924.

ONE may easily be grateful to the Theatre Guild for producing Masse Mensch and for following the general quality of the Berlin production. The name of the play has come often across the seas to us; and everyone has heard of the power of its success under Jürgen Fehling's direction at the theatre of the Volksbühne, the Berlin working-man's enormous theatrical organization. To see Masse Mensch tried out, then, on our stage, is a genuine privilege, however boring, for me at least, it turned out to be.

Out of this production at the Garrick there are moments that I recall as briefly exciting. The stock-exchange was good, with its red and black, its flicker and jerk of agitation in lights and in figures. The spot where Mr. Hughes's silver figure rose high in the air, in front of the woman's blue, had its incantation. And here and there a gesture, a line, a form passed into the tension of beauty. Ben-Ami's first movement was interesting, in spite of the sophomoric stuff that he was soon to say. His entrance with the concertina was stirring. Miss Yurka used a good tone and dignified postures, though I never felt that the part came from far within. Mr. Haupt showed a clean technical control and instinct for style, though imprisoned in a frigid sort of delicatessen accent. But how shocking all that comes to be, when we remember that Ernst Toller poured out into this drama a passion and fervor that keep him in prison still; and when we remember that Masse Mensch has been in its own land and under its own conditions a firebrand.

The story of the play begins with the Husband, who symbolizes the state, persuading the Woman to abandon her Communist leadership. A grotesque stock-exchange arises in the woman's mind. Her husband appears in this dream as the recorder of sales. There follows a Revolutionary meeting in which the Woman pleads for a bloodless strike, as against the Nameless One, who is the Mob, or Mass, crying for revolution against the people's wrongs. Another dream scene, in which the Nameless One leads the people in a macabre dance. Her Husband is led in to be shot, she intercedes. In the next scene the workers are making a last stand against defeat. Another dream scene follows. The woman suffers and takes on herself the pain of the world, and finally accuses God of guilt. The last scene is in the prison; the Husband comes to save the Woman, the Nameless One and the Priest come. She, standing for Pacifism as between War and Revolution, rejects aid. She is led out to be shot; and two starving workers snatch at her spoils, until the shots outside are heard.

The treatment of this material is expressionistic, its content under such a method must be revealed by means of short speeches and indications of reactions that explode the very centre of the matter. Masse Mensch is in fact a famous example of expressionism. But from it I decide once and for all what to me has seemed always true, which is that expressionism as a serious method has very little point and little that is new except a certain German obviousness of theory. In so far as these expressionistic speeches and images do anything of tragic importance they are merely the poetic method. In so far as the method appears patently and almost underscored, expressionism is merely an intrusion on serious revelation. It moves toward mannerism and contrariness and self-explanation; all of which may forward the development of art but cripple the work itself in which they persist. What professional expressionism is best adapted to achieve is satire, comedy; it can hit and punch and leap about and put edge on absurdity and wit; it can search into its material with speed and economy. The expressionism of Masse Mensch fills it with speeches that are at present only platitudes. To vitalize them and make them true they need either great poetic quality in the dramatist or great belief and passion in actor and audience.

Mr. Kenneth Macgowan in his Continental Stagecraft has a fine account of the production of Masse Mensch in Berlin. From that performance, before that audience of Continental working-men, and in the stress of the times, it is clear that a vast power arose. The play shook men and carried the mind toward magnificent surges of feeling and toward those vast abstractions that underlie all great moments in art. That was in Berlin.

Mr. Simonson's directing and his designing of Masse Mensch is full of care and skill and full of extraordinary coöperation and manipulation of the difficult elements and agencies involved in such an enterprise. What it all lacks is what could alone save the performance and give the piece a pressure of truth; what is lacking is the belief and urgency that might give the play life. The greatest art can stand either as pure art or as content, though in it both are indispensable and inseparable; such art more or less takes care of itself. But lower in the scale there are instances of artistic creation that have a quality or style which in itself will carry them through to a certain success. Masse Mensch is not one of these but at the other pole; without the heat of its content it grows tame. It cannot be taken as mere art—if there is such a thing as mere art. For it, lights, devices, actors straining and training over the stage, are only emptiness and mockery. Masse Mensch must be believed and presented in all its violence of soul and its tumult of wrong. It is communistic, revolutionary or whatever you like to call it, but it is not distilled into an art that can exist comparatively free of the impulse of a credo; to present it we must face the music; and without faith, or at least without the power or courage to give to it its full stride and impact, it is a mere spectacle and not a very interesting one at that.

To hear Miss Yurka in her blue dress saying that God is guilty might be moving if it arose out of the right cosmic passion, just as I might be moved to see the terror of a savage in front of a tree that had been blasted by lightning. But without that inner convulsion and payment, talking about God's guilt is only nonsense, contradiction in terms, and adolescent truism. And when the woman is at last led away to be shot and the two actresses struggle for her spoils and talk of the wrong men do, I listen, think their position in the centre of the stage and below the raised mass of shadow is very good, and feel little and care less. If the body of Masse Mensch were brought to me quivering and alive, I might take it or leave it, according to my interest and humanity at the moment; at the Garrick it comes to me almost always as artifice and platitude. To produce Masse Mensch and to appreciate it for whatever good is in it, we must pay the price, producers and audience, and that the Theatre Guild and none of us have done, not by a long sight; and none of us intend to do.

STARK YOUNG.

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The Seven Lively Arts

The Seven Lively Arts, by Gilbert Seldes. New York: Harper and Brothers. $4.00.

ALL those who in their study of the post-war mind have gone far enough to realize that young Europe —young Latinity especially—has come under American influence, and want now to know just what that influence is, will have to read this book. Luckily for them it is extremely readable. It is too long and something repetitious, but these are its only serious faults. Europeans inevitably will be tempted to skip those prairies of print studded with utterly unfamiliar names—names of American music-hall performers, paragraph-writers and comic illustrators. It is a temptation to be resisted: for between the names they will find fresh and acute observations, expressed in lively English, and arguments well considered and honest, not easily to be gainsaid.

Popular music (ragtime, jazz), the Movies, Paragraph-writing, Music Hall turns of every sort (acrobatics, clowning, tricks), Musical Comedy, Comic Strips, etc. are what Mr. Seldes means by the lively arts. He calls them "minor arts" sometimes, which he should not do, lest they come to be confounded with the moribund arts—potting, weaving, dyeing, furniture and jewelry making —the crafts, in fact, those chronic invalids of the nineteenth century. With the lively arts Mr. Seldes is admirably equipped to deal, being sensitive, intelligent, well educated and an American: only an American could have written this book. Only an American could have written with the unaffected gusto without which it would have been a glittering tour de force, and, at the same time, with the first-hand knowledge without which it would have been silly. One trembles to think what a Frenchman or an Italian would have made of it. But from modern America come the lively arts, in modern America they are exploited more efficiently than elsewhere, and of modern America—according to Mr. Seldes—they are the best and most complete expression. Add, that by some of the alertest minds in Europe these lively arts, which are generally recognized as America's contribution, are hailed as the new ingredient which is to vivify Western civilization, and you will perceive that a book of this sort well done—as this one is—must be of interest to all students of the present and future on both sides the Atlantic.

The Seven Lively Arts is historical, critical, and enthusiastic; but, mixed in with the history and criticism and buoyed up by the enthusiasm, there is, of course, a thesis. And the thesis is, that the lively arts, *when they are good,* are better than the serious arts, *when they are bad.* That is all. To be right with Mr. Seldes we have only to agree that Mr. Herriman the genial (using that word at once in the French and English sense) inventor of Krazy Kat, and Mr. Berlin, and Miss Mills and the prodigious Fratellini are better than Puccini and Lazlo and Miss Maud Allan and the author of If Winter Comes. Anyone, therefore, who, misled by an article published some time ago in the Dial and reprinted in this book, supposed that Mr. Seldes after reducing me to a puddle was going to step across it and storm the fort of Culture will be grievously disappointed. Mr. Seldes is much too intelligent and cares too much for art to imagine that even "Pack up your sins" can without silliness be compared with the B minor Mass, or that the funniest Keystone film is on quite the same plane with Twelfth Night. Indeed, he goes further; for he seems to agree that the state of mind of his honest, unsophisticated low-brow, revelling frankly in Whiteman's band, is positively less valuable than his own, enjoying the G minor Symphony.

So there is no storming of the fort; only a little sniping at Culture. And even that is, perhaps, misdirected. Mr. Seldes is scholar enough to know what the word means. He does not imagine, I suppose, that anyone is born with taste and intelligence to receive, unlicked, all that art has to give. Any fool—any uncultivated fool—can enjoy a film, a comic strip, or Alexander's rag-time Band; but to appreciate Shakespeare and Bach—or let us say Picasso and Stravinsky—taste must be educated. I am sorry, but it is so. Wherefore, at any classical concert there are hundreds of learners incapable of understanding fully all that is being played; if anything difficult is being played for the first or second or third time I am one of them. Here is a chance for the monkey-pated one, who has been dipping into Seldes a bit and who does enjoy Jazz anyway: "Cultivated humbugs"—he gibbers —"look at them pretending." In fact they are learning. Some of us really ought to look up the irregular verbs again before using "Culture" as a term of abuse.

I will venture a step further, and entreat Mr. Seldes not to be too hard on the artistic snobs even. I would not have them discouraged. After all, Athens and Florence—if they ever existed—are things of the past; and nowadays one cannot but suspect that a good deal of first-rate art would wither in the bud were it not fed and fostered by a rich artificial manure. How would Picasso have managed in early days if there had been no German or Russian millionaires ready to buy his pictures rather than be out of the movement? How could Stravinsky have produced his longer works if there had been no Russian ballet public? Has Mr. Seldes ever watched that public or heard it talk? Well, if he is going to point out to all the people who are bored by The Brandenburg concerti or Le Sacre du Printemps, not only that they would be much happier, but also that their ears would be more creditably employed, listening to a Jazz Band, it may be doubted whether the next Bach or Stravinsky that comes along will ever make himself heard. I presume Mr. Seldes is not so simple as to suppose that he and the other disinterested enthusiasts could keep an opera-house, or a large concert-hall even, in coals for a week.

Which suggests a further, and possibly irrelevant, comment. Mr. Seldes finds the spectacle of bored snobs sitting out classical concerts ridiculous; I know another not less funny—those refined, intelligent faces amongst the book-makers in the stalls or the blackguards in the gallery of a Music Hall. They are trying so hard, those fastidious intellectuals, to be amused by one fool knocking down another, or by jokes about mothers-in-law and lodgers and coming home drunk. And then how pleasant to hear them, after the entertainment—to curry favor with Jean Cocteau or Tristan Tzara or Mr. Seldes maybe—raving about a saxophone-player or a tumbler in terms which to me would sound slightly hysterical were they leaving a perfect performance of The Way of the World . . . do you know, I think a snob at a classical concert makes less of a fool of himself than a snob at a knock-about show.

When I said that Mr. Seldes had intelligence and sensibility, I deliberately abstained from mentioning what I take to be his highest qualification for the difficult task

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he has set himself: I kept it for the end. Mr. Seldes has an extraordinarily acute feeling for style. To follow him through his analysis of a subtle Chaplin trick or a Fratellini turn is not only a pleasure but often a revelation, so conscious is he of, so sensitive to, that "style" which is the secret of this sort of perfection. For it is "style," unless I mistake, which makes all the difference between a good "lively artist" and a bad: style is what Irene Castle has and Maud Allan has not, what Ethel Levy used to have and has no more, what the Fratellini have in abundance, what Harry Lauder, with his fine voice, never had. And what else has any of them? One can go further. Mr. Seldes does; incidentally touching on base-ball of which I know nothing. But I know that in cricket of two equally scoring strokes, one being stylishly made gives pleasure, while the other which merely scores runs is merely useful. Very well, if dancers and clowns and acrobats and trick-cyclists are artists, so are base-ball players, cricketers, foot-ballers—*when they have style.* Also, one can wear a suit, pour out tea, or close the door with or without style. What is tact but style in personal relations? With his intense, though half unconscious, feeling for style, Mr. Seldes has, quite unconsciously I believe, adumbrated an aesthetic.

And it may be true. In the difference between Hobbs cutting for four and Mead scooping to leg for four may lie the beginning of art. Why not? The preoccupation with style, the unpractical desire not only to do the thing, but to do it in a certain way, is, I suppose, the expression of a temperament. Between the tennis-player who wins and the tennis-player whom it is a pleasure to watch manifestly there is a real and important difference. An aesthetic difference? Who can deny it? The difference which, on another plane, and in a higher degree, distinguishes a dog exhaling his misery in lamentable howls from King Lear exhaling his stylishly? I have brought Mr. Seldes to a conclusion. Will he swallow it? Or will he amend the title of his book?

CLIVE BELL.

The Real Trouble with the Farmers

The Real Trouble with the Farmers, by Herbert Quick. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.00.

THOSE who prefer not to think seriously about grave problems will do well to avoid this book. For having read it, no one can possibly dismiss its arguments by the mere exercise of our national self-complacency. Life is going exceedingly ill with far the greater part of our agricultural population. In every section the evidences of rural decay are multiplying. In the upper Mississippi Valley, the richest agricultural section in the world, almost a quarter of the owning farmers have virtually gone bankrupt in the brief period since the war. Does anyone imagine that the young men and women coming to maturity in such an environment are planning to cast in their lot with so miserable an occupation? They are leaving the farms in a steady stream. The culls remain, together with the older men and women who are diffident of their ability to adapt themselves to the conditions of life in the cities.

The immediate cause of the rural crisis is the disproportion between the prices received by the farmer and the prices he must pay, which has developed most rapidly since 1914. Taking the prices of 1913 at 100, the farmer's products were worth 75 in 1923, as compared with 154 for wholesale prices. This, as Mr. Quick points out, does not tell the whole story. The farmer buys industrial products at retail, and we may be pretty certain that retail prices had risen even more than wholesale. But let that pass. The farmer in 1923 had to give twice as much of his product, which means twice as much of his labor, for the things he was compelled to buy.

Many causes work together to this unhappy result, but the most important ones, as analyzed by Mr. Quick are three: price fixing combinations, the tariff, and high freight rates. The farmer, having a surplus for export, has to meet the competition of all the world. The manufacturer is protected against the foreign producer by the tariff, and through his combinations, lawful or unlawful, he is able to take the edge off domestic competition. In the opinion of Mr. Quick, the farmer can gain no relief through combinations of his own. He can get rid of many trading abuses that rob him for the benefit of the middleman. But as for controlling the prices of his products through holding back supplies—that is impracticable. Neither is there any hope that when our domestic consumption has grown up to production the position of the farmer will be improved through duties on imported foods. Such a development of consumption implies a great increase in the proportion of the population living in the cities, and with it the definite preponderance of the urban vote, which would never support high duties on foodstuffs.

The farmer cannot fight his enemies by means of combination and protective duties. What he ought to do is to use his whole political power to destroy the protective duties that enable the industries to exploit him. He has been fooled long enough by the sophisms of protection.

Next to the tariff supported price fixing combinations, the most powerful enemy of the farmer is the railway run for the purpose of making private profit. In the period of railway expansion the policy of the roads was of necessity one of building up the country. This they did well, in the main, in spite of their manifold abuses. Now the country is built up. The railways have trapped their game, and are now in a position to eat it. And the farmer is being devoured. Mr. Quick does not lay the blame on the management of the roads. They pursue the policies any men would pursue in the circumstances. They do not prosper remarkably themselves. There is no chance of getting out of the traffic returns sufficient to draw into the industry the capital needed for improvements. Yet we must have improvements. Mr. Quick is no believer in the fitness of government to perform any and all economic functions. But he sees no way out of our transportation impasse except through government ownership. His argument is cogent. Ours is the first great civilization to be built up on a foundation of land transportation. All earlier civilizations have depended on water carriage. Can we hope to survive if we leave this most vital of all functions to be the sport of private profiteering?

Many people argue that the farmer can reëstablish his position through coöperation, as the Danish farmer has done. Mr. Quick recognizes the great importance of coöperation. But coöperation alone will not reach the evil of excessive freights, nor will it prevent the tariff protected industries from mulcting the farmer at will. The Danish coöperatives could buy in the British, Dutch and German markets, having extremely low duties to pay. When rates

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of transportation proved excessive, they could launch their own ships, and did so. The Minnesota Scandinavians may be as coöperative in their instincts, but they have a wholly different problem to meet.

Great as are the evils mentioned above, there is, Mr. Quick thinks, an even greater evil, excessive land values. The American type of rural manhood is formed under the condition of cheap land. With land prices at a high level we get, instead of the independent farmer who owes little or nothing to any other man, the wretched tenant with the harshest and most insecure tenure known in the world today, or the nominal owner of land so heavily mortgaged that a brief succession of bad years is bound to ruin him. No other abuse would of itself kill off the farming population. Dear land will. Increase the productiveness of agriculture, diversify the crops, create coöperative organizations, cut freight rates: the final result will be just to make land dearer, more inaccessible to the man who wishes to work it. Mr. Quick's remedy is the Single Tax. Levy the taxes on the unimproved value of land, thus eliminating all speculative values entirely. We shall again have frontier conditions established, in which the man who wishes to farm may get cheap land, not, however, in remote and inaccessible regions, but right here among us.

It may be that nothing but so drastic a measure as the Single Tax will keep the value of land from rising to a point beyond the reach of the working farmer. I think, however, that Mr. Quick fails to distinguish here between conditions that are permanent and those that are transitory. If cash rents were on a sound basis they would not exceed the payment to the government that would be exacted under the Single Tax. If land were valued on a rational basis its price would simply amount to the capitalization of its rent, together with a modest allowance for possibilities of further rise. A man could afford to buy land at such a price. He would be able to meet the interest and pay off on the principal if he farmed well. But actually, much of the land, especially in the Middle West, is grossly overvalued. It has been going up so long that buyers and sellers alike assume that it will continue to rise indefinitely. Sooner or later such an illusion must be pricked, with great hardship to the men who have overvalued land on their hands. No small part of our present agricultural distress is due to the fact that this illusion is collapsing.

Yet there are in history no causes, however transitory, which may not have permanent effects. We may in a decade overcome the disproportion between farm prices and industrial prices. We may get over the habit of basing land values on an illusion. But the best blood is steadily draining out of the country. In a decade so much of it may be gone that the whole character of our agrarian institutions will have changed and with it the fundamental character of our civilization. A great emergency is upon us. Are we going to sit idly by and see what happens?

ALVIN JOHNSON.

An Hypothesis of Cultural Lag

Social Change, by William Fielding Ogburn. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $2.00.

IS man biologically unfitted for his present artificial environment? This is the question which appears to trouble contemporary sociologists. Modern man seems to have lost control of something and the usual postulate is that the environment has grown out of hand. Professor Ogburn illumines the hypothesis by giving it a simplified setting but he also falls into all of the errors consequent upon arbitrary separations between organisms and their environments. His reminder of the over-emphasis of the biological factor is timely but leads to doubtful concepts regarding independent variables, as e. g., the insistence upon distinction between social heritage and the psychological nature of man. The validity of this distinction depends upon proof that the social heritage contains something which is not psychological or not inherent in human nature. The opposite is far more susceptible to proof.

Professor Ogburn's particularized hypothesis of cultural lag may be stated in his words: "Where one part of culture changes first, through some discovery or invention, and occasions changes in some part of culture dependent upon it, there frequently is a delay in the changes occasioned in the dependent part of culture. The extent of this lag will vary according to the nature of the cultural material, but may exist for a considerable number of years, during which time there may be said to be a maladjustment" (page 201). Illustrations of maladjustment consist of changes in industry not reflected in education, changes in industry not reflected in adequate laws regulating responsibility for accidents, changes in industry not reflected in trade union policy, et cetera. According to this hypothesis, for which Professor Ogburn makes out a splendid case, social maladjustment must be regarded as a problem in *time,* hence the use of the time-concept of *lag.* (Independent variables disappear in this definition since adjustment can be mentioned only in relation to factors which are dependent.) The chief criticism of the hypothesis is its limitation of adjustment to quantitative terms. If two factors in the social milieu are interdependent, adjustment of some sort must take place if there is change at all. Professor Ogburn is concerned with the rate of the adjusting process and hence his correlations are all in the sphere of time. There is, however, a sense in which the rate is less important than the quality of adjustment. A quick adjustment may be a faulty adjustment. In this connection, the term "maladjusment" seems slightly inappropriate since it is a qualitative term and should not be used to designate a quantitative relation. The illustrations which Professor Ogburn uses are for the most part instances of incomplete adjustment or of unadjustment.

The above criticism amounts to a challenge of Professor Ogburn's total thesis with the exception of his ascribed reasons for cultural inertia. Here he is on safer ground since he deals with qualitative factors which inhibit or distort adjustments. Everyone knows that the vested interests, habits, traditions, et cetera, resist social change but this knowledge is not based upon mere time concepts. The vested interests oppose change, not because it comes too rapidly but because it is likely to affect their interests; the rationale of those interests eludes explanation in terms of time alone. Changes in material culture, which are set over against social changes as casual factors, (pages 268-278) are not the result of something extraneous to man. If new inventions occur, the capacity for invention is a capacity of man, and, as Professor Ogburn himself indicates, this capacity has something to do with social processes. Material culture, social change and psychological man are not separable factors except as separation becomes an arbitrary convenience for analysis. Man certainly molds his material environment and whatever occurs by way of social change is conditioned by the inherent or developed capacities of human nature.

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Professor Ogburn's "suggestions for better (*not quicker*) adjustments" include (a) a prophylactic for nervous disorders, (b) sublimation of sex impulses, (c) lessening the tension or strain of modern life, (d) overcoming the evils of specialization, long hours of labor and other obstacles to the use of our psychological equipment, (e) substitution of desires, (f) recreation, and (g) restriction or curbing of selfishness. It is obvious that these are not sociological suggestions since they almost exclusively represent changes in individual activity rather than changes in social organization. They envisage tasks which may well be left to psychologists, psychiatrists, educationists and religionists. If "what is needed is some invention that will do for the mechanisms of instinct what the gymnasium does for the muscles" (page 353), it is not likely that sociologists will provide the invention. These are, however, enlightening suggestions coming as they do from a sociologist who begins his social theory with a separation of human nature from culture and material environment; they reveal the ambiguity and inconsistency of such separation.

E. C. LINDEMAN.

Recent Fiction

A Cure of Souls, by May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

MISS SINCLAIR has given us another of her highly wrought studies of individual cases, comparable to The Romantic, Harriet Frean, and Mr. Waddington of Wyck. Canon Clement Chamberlain is one of those who are at ease in the Zion of the Anglican Church. With him comfort, physical and spiritual, becomes a pathological condition, and his cure of souls, a satire. The satire becomes a tragedy through the contrasting case of Agnes Lambert, in whose morbid virginity the sacrificial flame burns consumingly, kindled by adoration of the God whose avatar is Clement Chamberlain. A strained situation handled with an art so sure that with all its emphasis A Cure of Souls remains realism.

A Simple Story, by Charles Louis-Philippe, translated by Agnes Kendrick Gray. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

A VERY simple stark narrative of village life in Normandy, and the fate of those who fall out of the ordered ranks of the army of toil. It is the obverse of the picture painted by Flaubert in Un Coeur Simple—the nemesis rather than the apotheosis of the worker. A story which by the justness and precision of its art becomes a classic, it will be compared to Maria Chapdelaine, but the suffering of Père Perdrix and Jean Bousset is seen under no transfiguring light of poetry. They are without the consolations of tragedy.

The Pitiful Wife, by Storm Jameson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

CLEARLY Storm Jameson's masterpiece. A story of human emotions, of passion and cruelty, of beauty and horror, as wild as the northern moorland which, as in Wuthering Heights, gives them a symbolic remoteness from the kindlier ways and walks of mankind. As in that masterpiece the characters appeal to us by virtue of intensely human traits, the more poignantly because they are only half realized, struggling like Rodin's figures to emerge completely as individuals from the block of life stuff.

The Golden Cocoon, by Ruth Cross. New York: Harper and Brothers Co. $2.00.

THE Golden Cocoon, like many first novels, falls sharply into two parts, according as its material is fact or fiction. The heroine grows up in a Texas village, and from untoward conditions arrives at Austin and the University. This experience and a later bread-winning campaign in New York are true. But midway, under the shame of desertion by a rather incredible admirer, she seeks to destroy herself in a house of ill fame. Although she merely spends four innocent hours there, this episode becomes the motive for the action of the rest of the book, which is obviously and not very successfully imagined. So real a person as Mollie Shannon would laugh at the fine drawn scruples, misunderstandings and complications in which her author involves her.

The Hoarding, by John Owen. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

THE Hoarding does not fulfill the promise of John Owen's earlier novel. Robert Gregory was a study of near poverty in the lower clerical class, done with a fidelity that reminded one of Gissing. The Hoarding is a story of business adventure in the romantic field of advertising. Except for the romance, to which Mr. Owen naïvely commits himself and his heroine, the book would have been creditable satire.

Satan's Bushel, by Garet Garrett. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

YEARS ago Frank Norris wrote the epic of wheat. Mr. Garrett has undertaken to write its drama, from its flowering in the fields of Kansas to its selling and buying in the wheat pit of Chicago. Satan's Bushel is one of those novels through which information is diffused and the world grows wiser—but if its mystical plot is intended as sugar-coating it must be pronounced too thin.

The Midlander, by Booth Tarkington. New York: Doubleday Page and Company. $2.00.

A FEEBLE presentation of the Indiana superman, by conventional methods, from material which has become trite. Apart from the special edition autographed by Mr. Tarkington for $7.50, the book lacks raison d'être.

R. M. L.

Contributors

EDMUND WILSON was formerly on the staff of Vanity Fair and later of the New Republic.

JOHN DEWEY, philosopher, educator and writer, is the author of School and Society, Studies in Logical Theory, and Human Nature and Conduct, An Introduction to Social Psychology.

KATHERINE MANSFIELD, whose untimely death occurred on January 9, 1923, had written three volumes of short stories, Bliss, The Garden Party, and the Dove's Nest. A collection of her poems has recently been published.

LEONARD LANSON CLINE is a reporter on the New York World who has contributed to the Nation, the American Mercury, the Midland and other magazines.

AMY LOWELL is the author of six volumes of poetry: A Dome of Many Colored Glass, Sword Blades and Poppy Seeds, Men, Women and Ghosts, Can Grande's Castle, Pictures of the Floating World, Legends; and of two books of criticism; Six French Poets, and Tendencies in Modern American Poetry.

CLIVE BELL, English critic of literature and art, has written Art, Since Cezanne, and On British Freedom.

E. C. LINDEMAN was formerly a teacher of sociology and is the author of The Community, etc.

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